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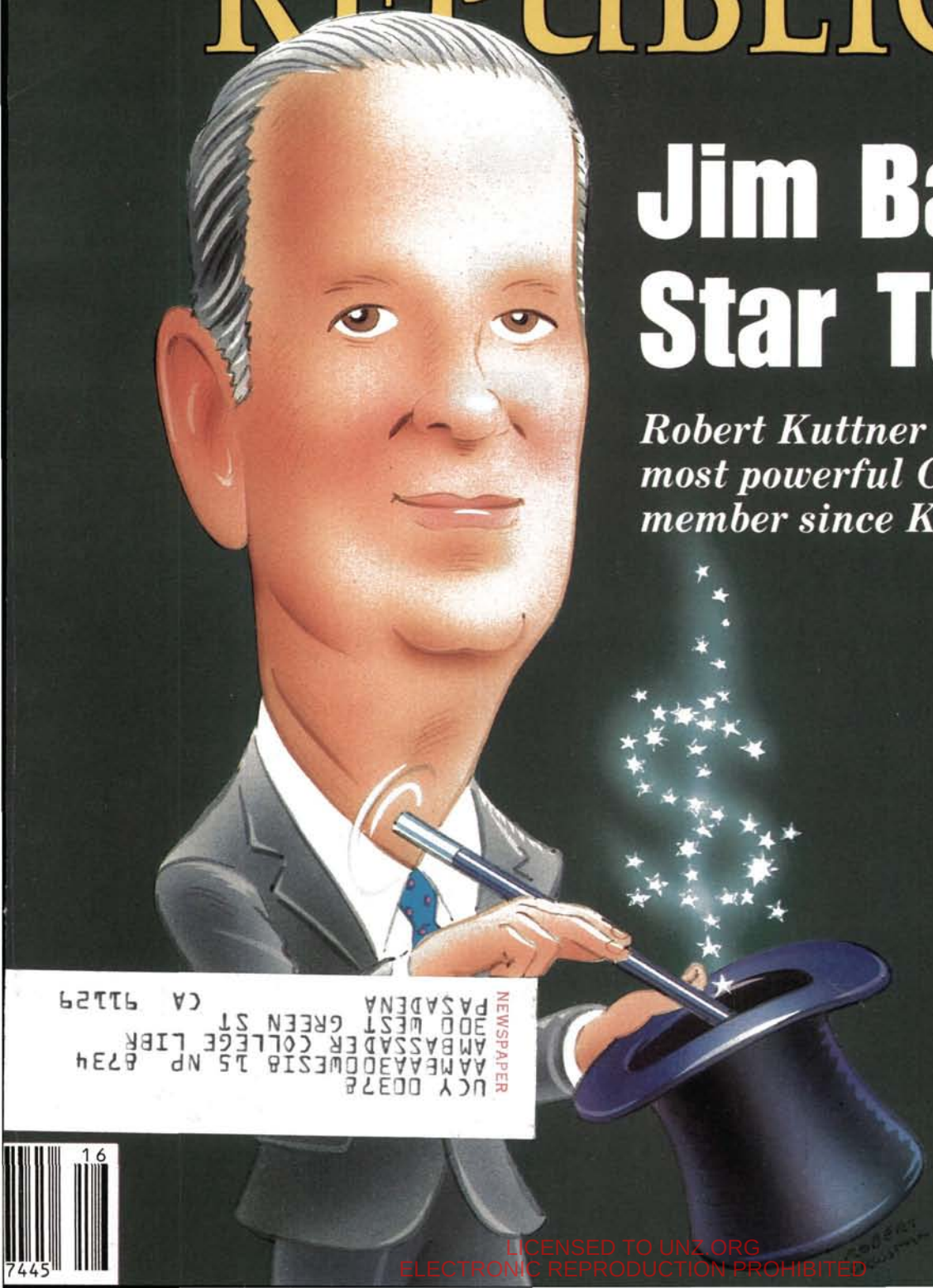
CLEAR MORALITY FOR BEGINNERS

New Scandals From the McCarthy Era

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER: IS ORTEGA STUPID? • JOHN HOLLANDER: YUPPIES IN VERSE

THE NEW REPUBLIC



Jim Baker's Star Turn

Robert Kuttner on the most powerful Cabinet member since Kissinger

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CORRESPONDENCE

CRIT CRIT

To the editors:

I read with some interest Louis Menand's recent essay on the Critical Legal Studies movement ("Radicalism for Yuppies," March 17). To my astonishment, I found in a list of typical titles of articles written by CLS scholars "Constitutional Adjudication and the Indeterminate Text." Astonishment, because I wrote that article, and I am quite certain that none of my CLS friends are ready to claim me as a true believer. I am a skeptic of CLS, and my article was quite critical of the work of one of its leading lights.

Why, then, was my article mentioned? I first thought that perhaps your author had not bothered to read what he cited, but that seemed unlikely. Then I had it: the deconstructionists mentioned so prominently in the Menand essay deny that any text has a single best interpretation. My article was only a text, after all, and the reader will find what the reader will find. I might have thought I was criticizing CLS, but my subjective understanding is not relevant if some reader is determined to find something else.

Perhaps, then, I am wrong and the Crits right. At least that will save me the trouble of further work in this area.

STEPHEN L. CARTER
Yale Law School
New Haven, Connecticut

To the editors:

I looked in vain for a substantive refutation of the theories of Critical Legal Studies in Louis Menand's article. Menand's argument, and that of the sidebar by Marc Granetz, boil down to this: ex-student radicals who now hold cushy teaching jobs are hypocrites for still espousing radical views, so shut up.

Does any radical who does not go directly to the barricades have a right to promote radical ideas without the ideas, not one's station in life, being the subject of criticism? As a product of one of the law schools mentioned in the article who went to the barricades, metaphorically speaking (though I must confess I'm not starving either), I'm glad the Crits are injecting their views into the conventional mind-set of American law schools. We need allies in all sorts of unlikely places.

LANCE COMPA
Takoma Park, Maryland

GIVE US A BREAK

To the editors:

People like Tim W. Ferguson ("Too Many Holidays?" March 17) are known as true nerds. They may be technically accomplished in their respective fields, but they are essentially unimaginative in their thinking. Everything is a means to an end, with relaxation time allowing us to work harder, allowing us to play harder, which lets us work harder, etc. Did he ever see the movie *All That Jazz*? He should.

It may come as a big surprise to Mr. Ferguson to learn that a lot of people do not measure their mental health by the time they spend with a VCR, home computer, or vacation destination. I'll bet that a lot of the people who work with Mr. Ferguson measure their mental well-being by the quality time that they spend with the people important to them. Even at the *Wall Street Journal*. As a physician, I offer Mr. Ferguson some free advice: relax.

LEONARD GOLDSCHMIDT
Cleveland, Ohio

ROSTY RECONSIDERED

To the editors:

Jacob Weisberg's recent article attacking Ways and Means chairman Dan Rostenkowski was a triumph of style over substance ("Overnight Statesman," March 24).

In 1979 Rostenkowski took over as chairman of the Ways and Means Select Revenue Measure Subcommittee. Up until then, the subcommittee had been generally referred to as "Santa's workshop," and its role had been to dish out special favors to political friends and campaign contributors. Rostenkowski stopped that. In 1982 Rostenkowski played a key role in the enactment of the Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act, a major loophole-closing, deficit-reduction measure. Over the next two years, Rostenkowski led the charge for what became the Tax Reform Act of 1984, another significant loophole-closing, deficit-reduction measure. And

continued on page 40

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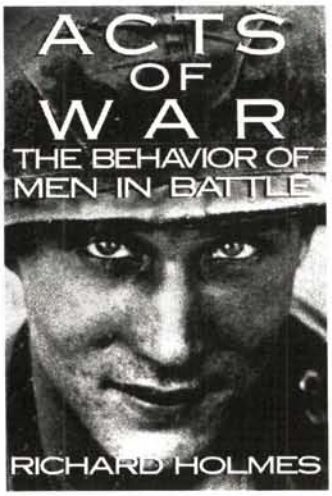

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,718

WASHINGTON, D.C. — APRIL 21, 1986

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2 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... Radical lawyers, Rosty's triumphs, &c.

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... LET 'EM ROT IN THE SUN
The Frostbelt's revenge.

5 **THE EDITORS** ..... DRAWING THE LINE
Lessons from the Gulf of Sidra.
NOTEBOOK
Torturing cows, &c.

6 **CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER** ..... IS ORTEGA STUPID?
Stupid like a fox.

9 **JAMES K. GLASSMAN** ..... THE MONEY CULTURE: WASTE OF 'TIME'
Newsmagazines discover that money (unlike paper) doesn't grow on trees.

11 **FRED BARNES** ..... WHITE HOUSE WATCH: BORDER CROSSING
Nicaragua's Honduran incursion didn't have the payoff the administration hoped for.

12 **JOSEPH S. NYE JR.** ..... JUST DETERRENCE
How to think morally about nuclear weapons.

14 **ROBERT KUTTNER** ..... JIM BAKER REMAKES THE WORLD
A free-market administration takes up economic meddling on a worldwide scale, and the treasury secretary becomes the Kissinger of the 1980s.

18 **HARVEY KLEHR & RONALD RADOSH** ..... ANATOMY OF A FIX
The *Amerasia* case was a microcosm of the McCarthy era. New evidence reveals a cover-up by—of all people—Tommy (The Cork) Corcoran, Washington's leading lobbyist of the time.

24 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: SEEING IS DISBELIEVING
Silly plots: *Just Between Friends* and *Gung Ho*.

25 **MARK STEVENS** ..... ON ART: SEX AND SUCCESS
Eric Fischl's kinky themes don't really shock.

27 **LAWRENCE FREEDMAN** ..... THE LIMITS OF PATIENCE
The Logic of Deterrence by Anthony Kenny
Nuclear Ethics by Joseph S. Nye Jr.
The Nuclear Debate by Robert W. Tucker

32 **JOHN HOLLANDER** ..... YUPPIE TIME, IN RHYME
The Golden Gate by Vikram Seth

34 **ANNE TYLER** ..... DAUGHTER'S-EYE VIEW
Collaborators by Janet Kauffman

35 **MAGGIE SCARF** ..... CRUEL CONTRACTS
The Divorce Revolution by Lenore J. Weitzman

37 **PETER GALISON** ..... HOW THE WORLD TURNS
Revolution in Science by I. Bernard Cohen

38 **JOHN UPDIKE** ..... POEM *Munich*

40 **IVAN KREILKAMP** ..... BRIEF REVIEW
Summer by Lisa Grunwald

42 **WASHINGTON DIARIST** ..... CHILD'S PLAY

COVER by Robert Grossman for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 18.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 194, Number 16, Issue 3,718, April 21, 1986. (Printed on April 2, 1986.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 6 & 13, July 14 & 21, Aug. 11 & 18, and Sept. 15 & 22, 1986) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $56; foreign, $81; Canada, $70. Back issues, $2.50 (includes postage & handling).

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(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737-0001.** For subscription problems call **800-227-5782.**

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

LET 'EM ROT IN THE SUN

"Oil Recession Plunges Houston Into State Of Mental Depression," says the *Wall Street Journal* headline. Good, say I. All the reports of economic catastrophe in America's oil regions fill me with unwholesome glee. The Germans (who else?) have a word for this feeling: *Schadenfreude*—meaning, roughly, joy in other people's suffering. It's not a very attractive emotion, and in due course perhaps I'll seek professional help. But first I'm going to enjoy it for a while.

The decline of oil prices has been a disaster for America's energy belt. Jobs are disappearing, businesses are going under, the real estate market has collapsed. The Texas state budget is $1.3 billion in the red, compared to a one-billion-dollar surplus a few years ago. Only pawnshops are booming. Texas, says *Newsweek*, is "broke—and frightened."

It's sad. On the other hand, it's wonderful. After all, just a few years ago the *Schadenfreude* was on the other foot. In the early 1980s, when oil was $36 a barrel and seemed to be going nowhere but up, there was little compassion down there for the agony of the Frostbelt. Texas cars sported bumper stickers reading, "Freeze a Yankee—Drive 75," or simply, "Let the Bastards Freeze in the Dark." Louisiana representative Henson Moore cited this sentiment with approval on the floor of Congress. Unemployed Michiganders who poured into Texas looking for work were derisively labeled "black tag people," because of the color of their license plates. Their desperation met with smug indifference or outright hostility. Today Texas's unemployment rate of 8.4 percent is approaching Michigan's 8.9 percent.

What often gets overlooked is that Texas's decade of prosperity was made possible by a classic illegal price-setting conspiracy. If the OPEC oil ministers weren't beyond the reach of American justice, they would all be in jail. But even though it was foreigners who staged this rip-off of American citizens and businesses, it was other Americans who raked in most of the profit. That's because, throughout the energy crisis, most of the oil America consumed was domestic, not imported. The oil states were, in effect, auxiliary members of OPEC. And they knew it, too. In Houston five years ago, *Newsweek* notes, "optimists" were saying "$85 by '85."

Yet Texas, Louisiana, Colorado, Alaska, and the other energy states came down with a bad case of cognitive dissonance. Even as they rooted for OPEC, they came to believe that their good fortune was actually the result of moral superiority: a rip-roaring capitalist spirit not shared by the rest of the country. They saw the traumas of the Northeast and the Midwest not as a cause for sympathy, but as an occasion for sanctimonious lectures about the virtues of free enterprise. "Houston lies largely at the mercy of forces beyond its control," the *Wall Street Journal* writes today. That was just as true during the glory days, but Houston didn't admit it.

With consummate gall, oil-state politicians now call for "stabilization" of oil prices through a tax on imports. Texas governor Mark White blames Texas's economic problems on "the Federal Government's lack of action to stabilize oil prices." Texas senator Lloyd Bentsen complains of "a flood of cheap foreign oil," and demands "an oil import fee to . . . stabilize this situation." Fred Hartley, chairman of Unocal, complains that the collapse of OPEC "leaves the world with no mechanism to restore the stability of oil prices."

Oil magnates and oil-state politicians sure weren't calling for federal intervention to "stabilize" the price of oil when that price was rocketing upward. Then, when OPEC ruled, they adamantly opposed any interference with the "free market." Today, when there really *is* something like a free market in oil, Senator Bentsen bawls that "what's happening to oil prices . . . has nothing to do with the free market. It has everything to do with a decision made in Riyadh. An OPEC decision." Fred Hartley whines about "predatory pricing," as if charging $12 were more predatory than charging $36.

Speaking of taxes, remember the windfall profits tax? The idea was to use a small fraction of the OPEC-level profits being enjoyed by domestic oil producers to cushion the shock of high prices for oil consumers. Oil-state politicians were hysterical in their opposition. Meanwhile, during the late 1970s, both Texas and Louisiana enacted new taxes of their own on oil and gas shipped out-of-state, just to squeeze the last drop of blood from the rest of the country. Think of it as a "Yankee tax," a major Texas newspaper editorialized at the time. Now the rest of the country is being asked to cushion the shock to the oil states of OPEC's collapse. Well, forget it.

Even though only a third of the oil we consume is imported, an import tax would raise the price of domestic oil too. That's exactly the idea, of course. In effect, it would be a tax on all oil consumers, with two-thirds of the money going to domestic oil producers instead of to the government. Senator Bentsen and others would like the government to set a price "floor" of $27 a barrel. At the current market price of $12, that would require an import tax of $15 a barrel. (Or 125 percent!) Since Americans use nearly six billion barrels of oil every year, this would cost consumers almost $90 billion. The government would get $30 billion of that directly and a bit more indirectly through the windfall profits tax. But most of the $90 billion would go into the producers' pockets.

Some sort of new energy tax is actually a good idea right now. It would encourage conservation. And with prices falling, it would be a fairly painless way to raise some serious revenue. But any new tax should cover oil from all sources, foreign and domestic. An increased tax on gasoline and heating oil, for example, would raise billions without squandering most of the potential revenue in a subsidy to oil producers—hardly America's most deserving group.

Oil types insist that cheap oil will make us overly dependent on foreign supplies again. This is a danger, but only if such dependence leads to another price squeeze—exactly what, in their hearts, those expressing this alarm would dearly love to see. But handing $50 billion or so on a platter each year to domestic producers isn't a very sensible insurance policy. If low prices reduce domestic production, high prices—if they come—will increase it again, as any future Yamani will realize. As insurance, it arguably makes more sense to use foreign oil now and keep our own

continued on page 41

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
APRIL 21, 1986

DRAWING THE LINE

The recent U.S. naval battle against Libyan forces in the Gulf of Sidra has provided visceral satisfaction for Americans frustrated by the unanswered terrorist exploits of Muammar al-Qaddafi. It's about time the U.S. took such action. But the point of the exercise wasn't merely to give Qaddafi a good thrashing. Had that been the case, the U.S. Sixth Fleet could have wrought far more serious damage. In fact, the military operation was effective precisely because it combined a show of superior force with prudent restraint.

The skirmish we precipitated by venturing across Qaddafi's "line of death" makes sense only if we regard it as a demonstration of American resolve against terrorism. Considered simply as a "proportional" response to Qaddafi's clumsy assault, the U.S. attacks on Libyan missile sites and patrol boats were excessive. It was clear from the start that our purpose was not, as the Pentagon publicly insisted, to assert the right to navigate in the Gulf. The area lies outside any reasonable nautical course in the Mediterranean. While Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger was telling reporters that the maneuvers had nothing to do with "settling scores," and a Pentagon spokesman was averring that he found it "unusual" that "Mr. Qaddafi chose to react to [the U.S. maneuvers] with force," Pentagon and White House officials were privately admitting the obvious. We picked this fight.

Military planners scuttled plans for similar maneuvers in January because a third aircraft carrier wasn't available to assist in the battle. And it is now widely known that at a "secret" meeting of the National Security Planning Group on March 14, President Reagan was accurately advised that, upon entering the Gulf, U.S. forces would be greeted by Libyan SAM-5 missiles. Secretary of State George Shultz, asked about the battle when he arrived in Athens shortly afterward, didn't even bother to feign surprise.

The Sidra confrontation was widely seen as providing a public relations boon for Qaddafi at home and among his allies in the region. But the perfunctory outcry from Egypt, Italy, and other uneasy neighbors shows no signs of materializing into solid support for the Libyan dictator. And the staging of a conflict over international seafaring rights, a dispute in which nearly all countries side with the U.S., provided our friends and allies with grounds to endorse our actions, or at least to mute their qualms.

By resorting to violence, the U.S. may have hampered its moral campaign to ostracize Qaddafi. But it is difficult to see what economic and diplomatic initiatives have accomplished. In May 1981 we ordered Libya to close its embassy in Washington, and after talks with Libyan representatives we despaired of curbing the Libyan government's outlaw activities. In 1982 we embargoed Libyan oil imports and curtailed high-technology exports to Libya. Following the Libyan-supported carnage at the Rome and Vienna airports last December, the president announced further economic sanctions and urged our allies to join, to no avail.

Even so, a number of critics urge perseverance and restraint. The use of force, they say, will only produce further terrorist reprisals. This is possible. But it's not as though we have forestalled terrorism by abstaining from force. A Libyan plot to "pinpoint" U.S. diplomats in Europe for assassination emerged only after the president had clearly chosen to avoid a military confrontation following the Rome and Vienna massacres. Administration officials decided to send a stronger message when they concluded that it was only a matter of time before Qaddafi followed through on the plot. During the past week other Libyan designs against Americans have surfaced. But these plans were hatched before the U.S. took action in the Gulf.

Moreover, fear of reprisals is a poor basis for choosing options against terrorists precisely because terrorists count on this fear to tie their enemies' hands. After the Sidra confrontation, Qaddafi's ally Abu Nidal, the architect of the Rome and Vienna massacres, announced his intention to retaliate. Libya's state-controlled radio has been loudly advocating sabotage against American oil importers, the storming of American bases, and the executions of American consultants abroad. Libyan demagogues warn of suicide squads that will exact vengeance in the United States. Qaddafi would like nothing more than to paralyze the U.S. with such threats.

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One way to deal with Qaddafi is to turn his own brutal logic against him. If he persists in sponsoring terrorism abroad, he will pay the price at home. It isn't certain that this approach will work. But it is clear that the United States is trying to send a message to Qaddafi. Immediately after the confrontation, U.S. officials leaked to the American press—and presumably for Qaddafi's perusal—the elaborate contingency plans of "Operation Prairie Fire," including bombing raids on Libyan military and industrial targets, depending on the Libyan response to our provocation.

The president's January 7 directive ordering all Americans out of Libya deprived Qaddafi of potential hostages in the present battle of nerves. The next U.S. move, should Qaddafi retaliate, might be a blockade of Libya's oil terminals on the Mediterranean, or more extensive military assaults against terrorist training camps and other missile sites. The Navy's selective strikes in the Gulf furnish a warning of less cautious actions to come.

THE administration's misleading characterization of Qaddafi as a lunatic unfortunately undermines its rationale for the exercise. President Reagan may consider him "flaky," but Qaddafi understands financial incentives well enough to tolerate the presence of American corporations, and to help American citizens violate their own nation's ban on working in Libya. Saudi King Fahd reports that although in a recent conversation Qaddafi seemed "incomprehensible and disoriented," the U.S. action had clearly shaken him. And he has been deterred before. In 1979 military losses in Uganda compelled him to withdraw Libyan troops defending dictator Idi Amin. In 1983 he ceased a military annexation campaign in Chad when French troops drew their own line of death and vowed to resist him with force. After he met with French president Francois Mitterrand to negotiate a joint troop withdrawal a year later, Qaddafi betrayed his word. Now it seems that he has been vainly seeking a similar charade to temper the U.S. response to the Rome and Vienna massacres.

What is really needed, critics say, is greater cooperation between civilized states to tighten security and apply economic pressure. There is nothing wrong with these strategies—except that they haven't been sufficient. Clearly, more drastic measures will be necessary. If the administration means this to be more than an angry outburst, it will patiently and judiciously extend such measures to Iran, and particularly to Syria, whose sponsorship of terrorism is less visible but far more extensive.

For years Reagan, like his predecessors, has talked tough but failed to act decisively against Qaddafi and his accomplices. Last year's brief aerial capture of Mohammed Abbas, who plotted and supervised the *Achille Lauro* ordeal, was a good start, but it depended on a lucky tip-off. This time the U.S. skillfully orchestrated a confrontation in which Qaddafi indisputably proved himself a lawless aggressor. We hope this incident illustrates a new commitment to deal forcefully with the godfathers of international terrorism.

NOTEBOOK

MOO: Around the world, innocent cows are being tortured and killed by political fanatics. In Libya an anti-American rally March 28 climaxed with the ritual slaughter of a cow with President Reagan's name painted on its side. Demonstrators slit the cow's throat, then kicked the animal, jumped on it, and prodded it with sticks until it died. Here in America, meanwhile, a different kind of political insanity has led to a new program of paying farmers to slaughter cows. A million cows are expected to die in this latest attempt to reduce the chronic oversupply of milk caused by dairy price supports. The mechanics, too complicated to go into, are designed to disguise the huge cost of price supports by transferring the burden from people in their role as taxpayers to people in their role as users of dairy products. But to prevent farmers from selling the cows instead of killing them, each cow will have to be branded on its cheek with a hot iron. Animal rights groups note that the cheek is an especially sensitive area in a cow. Mercy! Whatever happened to the milk of human kindness?

APOLOGIES to Senator Paula Hawkins. In this space two weeks ago, we criticized her for writing for the *Spotlight*, the house organ of the right-wing anti-Semitic Liberty Lobby. According to Hawkins's press secretary, her "article" was actually a speech in the *Congressional Record*, which the *Spotlight* reprinted without permission.

SCANDAL OF THE WEEK:

Marcos Cheated at Golf, Former Partner Charges

—*Washington Post*, March 30, page one

Like a fox.

IS ORTEGA STUPID?

SPEAKER OF THE House Tip O'Neill, who is against the U.S.-sponsored war against them, calls them "bumbling" and "incompetent." Representative Henry Hyde, who is for the U.S.-sponsored war against them, calls them "stupid." Senator Patrick Leahy is sure they have committed a "folly." William Beecher, State Department correspondent with the *Boston Globe*, can be more diplomatic. He calls them "maladroit." It seems that whatever the political divisions in the U.S. about their inten-

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tions and threats, we are unanimous about this: the Sandinistas are fools.

This unkind view is the result of a simple event. Two days after the House of Representatives voted down U.S. military aid to the *contras*, the Sandinistas sent two battalions into Honduras in search of *contras*. This is not the first time we have heard about (and Democrats have been embarrassed by) Sandinista stupidity. Last year they also won a close vote in Congress against *contra* aid. Within days Daniel Ortega had flown to Moscow to embrace his patrons and seek more weapons.

I'd heard about Sandinista IQ long before then. I heard it from Eden Pastora, the former Sandinista military hero who commanded the southern front in the war against Somoza, was stripped of power after the Sandinista victory, and finally was pushed into exile and rebellion. At the time, Pastora was on a trip to the United States, trying to gain support for his guerrilla war against his former allies. He was full of scorn for Interior Minister Tomas Borge, who was living a regal existence in an old Somoza mansion. At which point during our lunch, a question was asked: "Forgive the implication, but if Borge is so stupid, why is he dining in a mansion in Managua, while you're having corned beef sandwiches at THE NEW REPUBLIC in Washington?"

I DON'T BUY the argument about Sandinista stupidity. And its constant reiteration is dangerous, arrogant, and stupid. Dangerous, because it is always a mistake to underestimate the capacity of one's adversary. Arrogant, because here are people, not more than 5,000 strong, a small minority in a vast popular revolution, who managed within a few years to seize control of Nicaragua's economy, military, and social order, and turn it—in the middle of a U.S.-dominated continent—into a Soviet ally. This is not easy to do, certainly not for fools. And stupid, because the contrary is true. In the end, the Sandinistas may be forced out. But it will not be for lack of intelligence. It will be because a small sect controlling a small country could not ultimately withstand the pressure of the American colossus. Indeed, however long they endure, that endurance will be a tribute to Sandinista tenacity, dedication, and intelligence.

Consider these stupid Sandinista actions. Ortega flew to Moscow. Since he and his fellow revolutionaries decided long before they took power that their future lay in the Soviet bloc, this is not surprising. Indeed, such a trip was a necessity. Well, say the critics, the timing was bad. He shouldn't have done it so soon after the House vote. But when should he have done it? Before the vote? There is no good time, from the point of view of PR among American liberals, for a Nicaraguan president to fly to Moscow. After the vote? A reconsideration of the *contra* issue could be called at any time, a finger pointed at Ortega's travels, and the decision reversed.

The other monument to Sandinista stupidity is alleged to be the incursion into Honduras this week. Well, it turned out that the attack failed, and that the *contras* fought better than expected. But that hardly makes the action stupid. The Sandinistas know that with the House's turning down *contra* aid, the issue cannot be decided for almost a month. (The House votes again on April 15.) They also know that because the administration was forced to compromise in the House, the *contras* will not get their military aid for three months, at best, after that. And they know that the *contras* have been in retreat as their supplies have run low. If you are going to attack an enemy, do you wait until he is rearmed and reinforced, or do you try to strike a crippling blow while he is at his most vulnerable? Which is the stupid course?

What is the logic of saying that if the Sandinistas were smart they would run a civil war by the congressional calendar rather than according to the military exigencies on the ground? The idea that Sandinista wisdom lies in making the feelings and political comfort of faraway liberals its first concern reflects not only the extraordinary hubris of American legislators, but the fog of unreality that surrounds the Nicaraguan debate.

A few months ago, eight Latin American foreign ministers met with Secretary of State George Shultz and opposed *contra* aid. One minister did recognize "some unbelievably stupid things the Sandinistas did." Such as, explains the *Washington Post*, "supplying arms to the M-19 guerrillas in Colombia for the November takeover of the Palace of Justice, and then sending Interior Minister Tomas Borge to an M-19 memorial service for those killed in the shootout."

Stupid, again. The basis for saying that can only be the belief that a rational Sandinista foreign policy must seek to placate its neighbors. But what is the evidence for that belief? What if, in fact, the more rational policy turns out to be to frighten its neighbors?

Colombia is so wary of the Sandinistas (and the Cubans behind them) and its own communist insurgents that it not only publicly opposes Reagan's *contra* plans, it publicly denies the Sandinista role in the M-19 massacre. Honduras is so frightened that it publicly denies that there are *contra* camps in Honduras! Its communiqué acknowledging that it had sent troops to meet the invading Nicaraguans purposely located its own forces in the wrong Honduran province so as to make it look less like a Honduran action on behalf of the *contras*.

FEAR WORKS. The Sandinistas have decided that they are more likely to survive by instilling a bit of respect, terror if necessary, in their neighbors, than by cultivating warm feelings in the halls of hemispheric legislatures. This is a strategy already tested by the Soviet Union, a country whose foreign policy record over the last 40 years is hardly one of failure.

A determined adversary acts in strict accordance with his revolutionary beliefs, and with a cold, hard strategy of establishing, as quickly as possible, regional military superiority. The aim is soon to make any challenge to his rule too costly, even for the United States. This strategy requires him to go to Moscow to get arms and into Honduras

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to cripple his enemies.

I find this logic easy to follow. Had the Sandinistas succeeded in decimating the *contras*, there would be no *contra* force left to fund, even if a freshly offended House did reverse itself and reopen the spigot. Given the choice of Tip O'Neill's favor or a decisive military victory, the Sandinistas chose to reach for the latter.

O'Neill reacted by calling Nicaraguan president Daniel Ortega a "bumbling, incompetent, Marxist-Leninist communist . . ." (The angry tone raises the question: Would O'Neill prefer that Nicaragua be ruled by efficient, competent Marxist-Leninist communists?) What O'Neill calls bumbling and incompetence is, in fact, ruthlessness and dedication. It is encouraging that O'Neill can finally recognize a "Marxist-Leninist communist" when he sees one, but his imputation of incompetence to Ortega suggests that he, and his Maryknoll advisers, may not have thought through exactly what Marxist-Leninist communists do.

The problem with those who think the Sandinistas stupid is that they judge communists by liberal standards. Liberal politics is based on compromise and assuaging one's opposition. For a liberal to repay restraint with ruthlessness is perhaps a sign of political incompetence. Ortega would make a poor House Democratic whip. But he's not running for the post. He's running for Central American strongman. In such a race, trying to finish off your enemy and intimidate his ally is not a sign of political maladroitness.

Daniel Ortega does not think like a liberal. This leads a chorus of Americans to conclude that he is a bumbler. The last person in this hemisphere to bumble so was Fidel Castro. And Fidel appears to be running Cuba, pulling strings in Africa, and colonizing Central America quite nicely. Such are the rewards of stupidity.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

THE MONEY CULTURE

WASTE OF 'TIME'

THE FANCIEST DIVE, Christopher Byron's book about the demise of *TV-Cable Week*—one of the dumbest ideas in modern publishing history—tells the story of a party thrown by the Time Inc. brass three days before Christmas. The idea was to inspire the 86 workmen who were hustling to finish the new magazine's offices in White Plains. There was a huge selection of antipasto and a *TV-Cable Week* tote bag with a bottle of Dewar's scotch inside for each of the workmen to take home. "Jesus," said one of the workers, "we'd hardly started the job and they were already giving away free booze. This deal looked like the pig trough of all time."

For the past 63 years, Time Inc. itself has been the pig trough of all time. But feeding time is over. Pressure to keep Time's stock price high—and thus discourage a takeover by a company like Gannett or by a corporate raider like T. Boone Pickens—has forced its management to do something it hasn't ever had to do in a serious way: worry about costs. Like many other media companies, Time is finding that magazine ads, subscriptions, and newsstand copies aren't as easy to sell as they used to be. So, to increase profits, if you can't increase revenues, you have to reduce expenses.

IT WON'T be hard. Recently *Time* magazine caused a stir by announcing it would fire 136 employees (half editorial, half business), and would not fill another 52 positions recently vacated. Yet these cuts are hardly draconian: the division has 3,200 employees and has grown by one-third since 1980. They're part of a program that President J. Richard Munro announced last year to reduce Time Inc.'s operating budget of three billion dollars by $75 million.

Time was started by two young men who figured out, while they were students at Yale, that "no publication has adapted itself to the time which busy men are able to spend on simply keeping informed." So they launched a magazine that was a well-organized, fast read in which prejudices were allowed to show: "complete neutrality on public questions and important news is probably as undesirable as it is impossible." *Time* magazine was not just a brilliant editorial idea. It was, at least at the start, a brilliant business idea. A half-dozen smart Yalies would simply rewrite and repackage the *New York Times*. No one had to leave the office. W. A. Swanberg writes in his biography of Henry Luce: "Education Editor [Archibald] MacLeish, for example, was working in Boston as a lawyer and teacher. Weekly he received in the mail from *Time* a batch of news clippings bearing on the subject of education. He rewrote them in condensed form and mailed his finished work back to New York." To save money, Luce and partner Briton Hadden even moved their offices to Cleveland. But success came quickly (a profit by the third year), and after Hadden died, Luce set a high standard of extravagance. Luce once told an editor who had thanked him for a large raise: "Why not? I was poor once and I didn't like it. Why should you?"

Luce had the money to transform any whim into print. Thirty years ago, recounts biographer John Kobler, Luce, flying over the Alps, "discovers the Alpine spring and writes to *Life*'s managing editor, 'We ought to do something about spring here.' Next year a photographer-researcher team hover over the area in a helicopter, the expedition costing $46,000, but spring is late that year and the colors lack enough *Life*-like verve for publication." In 1965, to process a color story on Winston Churchill's funeral in time for publication, *Life* outfitted a DC-8 as a flying office. Forty staff members worked on the photographs, researched facts, and wrote copy on the return from London to New York.

Time Inc. has long been overstaffed, its employees over-

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paid and overperked, its customers wooed with blandishments verging on bribery. Time staffers who stayed at work past 8 p.m. traditionally got free dial-a-cab service to whisk them home, or even to their weekend retreats in the Hamptons. The company has 500 corporate memberships to the Cardio-Fitness Center, a New York health club, and pays membership fees at some of the fanciest country clubs in the nation. *People* magazine's monthly editorial meetings are held at restaurants like Lutèce and Le Cygne. The Time Air Force is used for such errands as ferrying key advertisers to the golf and tennis tournaments *Time* puts on in Palm Springs and other resorts. Recently, for instance, a *Time* advertising director flew ten clients and their spouses to Hawaii. At *Time* sales meetings, employees receive gifts of Nikon cameras and leather luggage.

A former *Life* photographer tells the story of a visit from an executive in the New York accounting office to the Washington bureau about 20 years ago. The executive called a meeting to reprimand the employees for not keeping their expense accounts in order and not filing them promptly. The meeting was held over lunch at Trader Vic's, then the city's most expensive restaurant, a faux-Polynesian paradise at the Statler Hotel. The lunch began at 11:30 and broke up at 5:30. The bill was over $900, or more like $3,000 in today's money.

One former *Time* ad executive recalls that almost every day there was an office cocktail party at noon and at 5 p.m. to celebrate someone's birthday or arrival or departure. "We called them 'pours' . . . The philosophy at *Time* was work hard, play hard. It was like in *The Right Stuff*. You could stay up all night with clients and get drunk, but the next morning you were up at 6 a.m. to fly again." Yet *Time* was less like an Air Force base than like a frat house for well-bred kids supplied by their daddies with big allowances.

TIMES AT TIME began to change a bit after the 1974 recession and the arrival of a corps of smart, perky MBAs. Along with Time's corporate leadership in general, these are the villains of Byron's book, which tells how the company managed to lose $47 million on *TV-Cable Week*. Byron is right about the lack of understanding that many of these bean-counters bring to publishing. In my experience, few of them, for instance, read. But their cost-consciousness, in the long run, is a good thing for Time Inc.

The failure of *TV-Cable Week* was a function of the inability of most big corporations to launch new products that aren't simple extensions of their current lines. In publishing there have been conspicuous failures, such as the Washington Post Company's *Inside Sports* and Condé Nast's *Vanity Fair* (the latter, after huge injections of cash, may yet make it). Time's *Discovery* is doomed, and *Picture Week*, a down-scale *People* (if you can believe that), will probably never get off the ground. Time has become too big to start magazines on its own. It should leave entrepreneuring to entrepreneurs, and simply buy humming properties—which it did last year in the case of the highly profitable group that includes *Southern Living* and *Progressive Farmer*.

If good editors like Henry Grunwald and Ray Cave continue to run Time Inc.'s magazines, the operation will stay very profitable despite what's going on outside. And what's going on outside is that the era of easy advertising growth is coming to an end. Last year was a good year for the economy, but a bad year for magazines. The average magazine ran 3.3 percent fewer ad pages in 1985 than in 1984, and the trend continues this year. Among the biggest losers have been stars of the past such as *Business Week*, the *New Yorker*, and *Newsweek*. Among Time Inc.'s own magazines, *Time* sold 121 fewer ad pages than the year before (not an insignificant number when a page, before discounts, costs $128,550), *Sports Illustrated* was down 249 pages, *People* down 197, *Fortune* down 213, and *Money* down 57.

DESPITE THESE declines—and trouble on the circulation front as well—Time Inc. magazine revenues rose $161 million, to $1.5 billion. But for years, Time and other publishers of large-circulation magazines have been slipstreaming behind network television, which has been gouging advertisers with large annual price increases. Last year the reckoning arrived. Network revenues fell four percent, in part because of increased competition. The price pressure on TV hit magazines too. And it's unlikely to abate soon. So the TV networks and magazine publishers began to look at their costs. Capital Cities, the new owner of ABC, can be counted on to reduce profligacy and set a standard that will be followed by the other networks. The Washington Post Company began trimming costs at *Newsweek* two years ago, and last year it was remarkably profitable—despite declining ad pages, circulation problems, and a serious competitive disadvantage in being the number-two newsmagazine. Now the cold, cruel world has come to Time.

It's not that Time's magazines don't make money. Last year they earned $176 million in profits before taxes—despite a write-off of $13 million to cover the cost of firing those 136 employees. (That's $100,000 per staffer, none at a high level!) The magazine division's margin (profits as a percentage of sales) was 11 percent in 1985, only a little below the company-wide average for the past five years, and decent by industry standards.

Magazine publishing remains a good business. Capital requirements are low (someone else buys the presses), and thanks to accounting peculiarities, cash flow is far greater than reported profits. In each of the past two years, for example, Time Inc. has earned an official net income after taxes of around $200 million, but it actually produced more than $500 million each year before making investments and reducing loans.

Time's problem is that its pretty balance sheet and its glamorous business make it an attractive candidate for a takeover attempt. To keep raiders at bay, it has to take steps to become more profitable, so that investors will value its stock more highly. That's happening now. Time Inc. stock was recently trading at $75 a share, up from a low of $42.50 about a year ago. Its price-to-earnings ratio is 24,

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compared with 23 for Gannett, 18 for Times Mirror, and 14 for IBM. The strategy seems to be working, even though very little cost-cutting has occurred.

Wall Street seems to be confident that Time will get around to the most obvious cut of all: ending its incredibly wasteful bifurcated system of gathering and writing news. Most *Time* articles are reported by one group of journalists and written by another. Not only are twice as many people as necessary involved, but the results—as the Ariel Sharon libel case two years ago showed—are often miserable. Group journalism, at both *Time* and *Newsweek*, is a system whose days are numbered.

Will the cuts at the two newsweeklies lead to a decline in quality? More likely, the magazines will improve. Byron's book, which is excellent at describing how Time's bureaucracy works, is poor at drawing the right conclusions. He sees the current struggle sentimentally as one between "financially oriented corporate management" pledged to "the cult of 'growth by numbers' " and editorial aesthetes who are the real keepers of the corporate flame, obsessed with "the issues of quality and respect for the reader." In fact, I've never found any relation between the size of a magazine's editorial budget and the quality of the magazine—except an inverse one.

JAMES K. GLASSMAN

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

BORDER CROSSING

JUST BEFORE the March 20 vote in the House of Representatives on military assistance to the Nicaraguan *contras*, a group of State Department aides gathered in the office of Elliott Abrams, the assistant secretary of state for Latin American affairs. They were pessimistic about House approval of the Reagan administration's aid package for the *contras*. But Abrams, half-seriously, offered a hopeful scenario. "You know what would really be great is if we lose the vote and then the Sandinistas invade Honduras," he said. There was laughter all around. That would "top Ortega's Soviet trip," an aide said, referring to Nicaraguan president Daniel Ortega's 1985 trip to Moscow, which caused the House to vote for nonlethal aid to the *contras*.

A day or two after the House defeat (222 to 210) of *contra* aid, hundreds of Sandinista soldiers poured across the Honduran border to attack *contra* camps. A "senior administration official" (it was Abrams, his aides said) disclosed the border crossing at a White House briefing on March 24.

In a sense, this was hardly a cause for surprise or moral outrage, since the *contras* cross that same border the other way to conduct their guerrilla war, and can hardly expect to enjoy a privileged sanctuary. But then it was no special surprise when Sandinista leader Daniel Ortega flew off to Moscow, and yet for some reason that had alarmed enough congressional doubters to win last year's vote for *contra* aid. At the White House and the State Department, the assumption was that the Sandinista offensive—if only because of its timing—would have a dramatic impact on Capitol Hill, improving the chances for *contra* aid. But the Senate approved the Reagan aid package on March 27 by 53 to 47, roughly the same narrow margin expected before the invasion. The Sandinista offensive had practically no impact at all.

"All the clouds and doubts and skepticism dissipated the impact," explains Patrick J. Buchanan, the White House communications chief. "The initial reaction among Democrats was near panic at the thought of two Sandinista battalions in Honduras. Then, whoever was at fault—us, the Hondurans—there's no question it was dissipated." The problem was that White House and Honduran officials weren't telling the same story. In Washington a Sandinista invasion was announced. In Tegucigalpa officials played down the incident, and one was widely quoted as saying it was "part of the publicity campaign" of the administration to get *contra* aid. Press coverage, instead of concentrating on the Sandinistas, raised questions about whether an invasion had indeed occurred, or whether the administration was hyping a minor border skirmish.

In truth, Abrams didn't hype the Sandinista offensive when he first talked about it on March 24. He appeared before reporters in the White House briefing room after filling in Reagan on his trip to Costa Rica, El Salvador, and Honduras three days earlier. Toward the end of the press briefing, he was asked about "unconfirmed reports that there has been increased military activity" by the Sandinistas against the *contras*. His reply was tentative and conditional. "There is a report today of a very large Sandinista incursion into Honduras," he said. "We are in the process of assessing the intelligence information we have about that." The incursion, he said in response to further questions, "appears to be quite large by the standards of past attacks." How large? "Well over a thousand troops. That's the initial report. Got to see if that's a correct report. Sometimes reports are not correct."

ABRAMS KNEW it was "a calculated risk" to talk about the Sandinista offensive, an aide said. "We always knew the Hondurans might deny it." Lisandro Quezada, the chief government spokesman, did just that, saying he had "no knowledge" of the incursion. This was in line with the Honduran policy of refusing to acknowledge publicly that thousands of American-backed *contras* are camped in Honduras along the Nicaraguan border. Everyone knows the camps are there and that they are tolerated by the Honduran government. But the government keeps up the fiction that they aren't, apparently hoping to avert the charge of being a tool of the United States. Thus Honduran officials were wary of confirming that Sandinista troops had crossed into Honduras to attack *contra* camps.

A State Department official said Abrams really had no

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choice but to reveal the incursion. "This thing was too big to ignore," he said. "We had to get the thing rolling." Still, wiring the story with the Hondurans would have helped. While Abrams was at the White House, Honduran president Jose Azcona was calling Abrams's office to ask for American military help in dealing with the Sandinistas, a State Department official said. A few hours later, a Honduran military official followed up with a request for 50 to 60 helicopters. Abrams, when he finally talked to Azcona, insisted that the request be put in writing. It was. On March 25 the written statement was released. After that, the Hondurans did better at keeping their stories straight, but only a little. The damage had been done.

PRESS COVERAGE was not favorable. On the "CBS Evening News" on March 25, Dan Rather questioned correspondent Richard Schlesinger in Tegucigalpa. "Richard, do the Hondurans believe that there has been a major military thrust into their territory?" he asked. "Well, Dan, that depends on whom you ask and when you ask it. Publicly the Hondurans say this incursion is a serious threat to their sovereignty. But off the record they tend to discount the severity of it. One senior Honduran official told me he plans to go to the beach today and his only worry was whether a cold front that's approaching Honduras will ruin his trip." On the same show, Senate correspondent Phil Jones said administration officials "wasted no time in exploiting the alleged Sandinista incursion of Honduras."

Even after the invasion was confirmed, there were quibbles over the size of the Sandinista force. On March 27 the *Washington Post* reported that administration officials, "while publicly accusing Nicaragua of invading Honduras with 1,500 troops, privately acknowledged yesterday that they are uncertain about the size of the Nicaraguan force and about other details of the headlined conflict in Central America." Officials concede the 1,500 figure was just an estimate. It was extrapolated from reports from the Hondurans, the *contras*, and U.S. intelligence. If anything, a State Department official said, it was a conservative estimate. According to the official, a captured Sandinista soldier said the attacking force consisted of 4,200 troops, though this must have included logistics personnel camped in Nicaragua. "The real figure [for Sandinista soldiers who crossed into Honduras] could go up to 2,000," the official said.

Abrams and Larry Speakes, the White House press secretary, took the brunt of the press skepticism. Abrams was pursued aggressively by Sam Donaldson on ABC's "Nightline" on March 26. "Now, why should we take this border crossing more seriously than any of the several dozen others that the Nicaraguans have perpetrated into Honduras in recent years?" he asked. It was different this time, said Abrams. This one was a "small invasion." "If it's taken so seriously by the Hondurans, why do they consistently in their public statements minimize it?" Donaldson shot back. They were antsy about the whole situation, Abrams said. "Well, if it's that serious, why did President Azcona go on vacation with his family?" Abrams said he wasn't aware of this. "Well, do you deny that he's gone on vacation?" And so on.

By keeping American journalists out of the combat area, Honduran officials only made matters worse. "Without the camera crews and the bodies, you had a hard time persuading people there was a serious invasion," says Mona Charen, a White House official. It wasn't until March 27 that reporters were flown into the area, and their reports were generally supportive of administration claims about the Sandinista incursion. The Hondurans were also unpersuasive when they brought two captured Sandinista soldiers before the press in Tegucigalpa. Statements were released, but reporters were not allowed to question the pair. Why not? The Hondurans were afraid they would rebut the cover story that they had been captured by Honduran troops and say that *contras* had seized them. This, in turn, would be public confirmation that the *contras* were camped in Honduras. So the Hondurans maintained that the Sandinistas had attacked Honduran soldiers. "Actually, the Honduran soldiers never came near those prisoners," an administration official said.

Who's to blame for the administration's failure to gain any votes for *contra* aid from the Sandinista offensive? Maybe no one. Abrams, knowing of the incursion, felt compelled to talk about it when asked. The Hondurans did what they always do, play a double game. "They're in a dicey situation," says a White House official. "I don't criticize them." Buchanan says the press is at least partly to blame. "It's the Vietnam thing again," he says. Whoever's at fault, the administration is no closer than before the incursion to getting military aid for the *contras* through the House. The vote is April 15. "We start right back at the same number," says Buchanan. "We've got 210 [votes], and I don't think we've lost any. They've got 222. We've got to go to work."

FRED BARNES

Nuclear morality without hysteria.

JUST DETERRENCE

NUCLEAR DETERRENCE is too often treated like a religion or ideology in which nuclear strategists enforce theological or theoretical discipline. Dogma is invoked to support preferred interpretations and heretical thinkers are anathematized. Some strategists offer detailed elaborations of unrealistic scenarios in order to justify expensive weapons programs. Their opponents often respond with moralistic indignation in the service of utopian visions. Sound strategic thinking, though, is ecumenical, respecting the strengths of the competing schools of thought about our nuclear dilemma. We can avoid the self-indulgence of absolute judgments by incorporating

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five maxims of moral reasoning into all our nuclear decisions.

WE CAN safely assert that (1) *self-defense is a just but limited cause*. We are justified not only in defending our biological survival but in protecting our culture and freedoms, which give value to our lives beyond mere existence. Self-defense, however, is an elastic and ambiguous concept, especially in international politics. We can and must uphold the superiority of Western moral values. But the French bishops in their statement on nuclear weapons correctly warned against the dangers of cultivating a "Manichaean conception of the world: all the evil on one side, all the good on the other." A crusade to rid the world of totalitarianism or communism or to make the world safe for democracy (or human rights as we understand them) may seem admirably motivated to us, but it will seem hopelessly self-centered to others, and far too risky to accept in a world of nuclear weapons.

Given these risks we must (2) *never treat nuclear weapons as normal weapons*. This is made more difficult by what might be called the usability dilemma. If nuclear weapons are regarded as completely unusable, they lose the deterrent effect that is their raison d'être. But to the extent that planning and discussion of prevailing in nuclear war encourage the delusion that a major nuclear war is winnable, they are malicious in their effects. The prospects for controlling the use of nuclear weapons in times of crisis are too uncertain to allow us to use such strategies without recklessly risking the lives of millions. Our nuclear self-defense must be reinforced, not by plans for winning nuclear war, but on improving conventional forces.

We must also (3) *minimize harm to innocent people*. Since innocent people pose no threat, we cannot justify killing them under the moral principle of self-defense. Yet even unilateral disarmament would impose a risk of harm on innocent people in this country. Steps that seriously weaken deterrence merely shift risks from one group of innocent people to another and may in fact raise risks to all. We can more safely reduce the risk of deliberately killing noncombatants by not aiming our nuclear missiles at Soviet cities. The critical question, of course, is whether *not* targeting cities would reduce the deterrent effect of our nuclear forces. There is little reason to believe that such a "no-cities" doctrine would seriously weaken deterrence.

But the ethical problems of nuclear deterrence cannot be solved by adjustments of our targeting plans alone. Minimizing harm to innocents depends even more on (4) *reducing risks of nuclear war*—both deliberate and inadvertent. How to accomplish this is not as obvious as it might first appear. It depends in part on how we believe nuclear war might start.

Many strategists emphasize calculated deterrence based on rationality. They argue that the best way to avoid nuclear war is to strengthen our deterrent posture—that is, to maintain the survivability of our retaliatory forces. Having too many weapons, they say, is a small cost compared to the failure of deterrence. Yet it is shortsighted to discount the factor of irrationality. Small measures that might rationally seem to strengthen deterrence may substantially increase risks of irrational war or weaken our ability to terminate nuclear war once it starts.

An extreme example is the policy of "launch on warning." Because it would protect our retaliatory forces from a preemptive strike, a doctrine of launching our nuclear missiles as soon as we received warning of Soviet attack would presumably help to deter the Soviets from ever launching such a first strike. But "launch on warning" would also greatly increase our vulnerability to the catastrophe of accidental nuclear war. Similarly, a strategy for decapitating the Soviet leadership in Moscow might enhance deterrence, but in the event of war it might also produce chaos and make it impossible to terminate nuclear exchanges.

Delegating to field commanders authority to use nuclear weapons might enhance deterrence, but by removing the weapons from the control of political leaders, it might also make it impossible to terminate a war. Scenarios in which we respond to aggression by moving aggressively ourselves ("Cuba for Iran") may sound rational, but they also would multiply the problems of psychological stress and bureaucratic control, which are difficult in the best of times and certain to be nightmarish at a time of potential nuclear crisis. One of the recurrent temptations for nuclear strategists is to be too clever by half. Elaborate strategies are developed solely on the basis of calculations based on rationality. But much of human history has turned upon unanticipated disaster.

Ultimately, we have to (5) *reduce reliance on nuclear weapons over time*. Since humans are fallible, it seems reasonable to assume that nuclear deterrence may someday fail. Nevertheless, we need not draw apocalyptic conclusions. As Richard Garwin has pointed out, "If the probability of nuclear war this year is one percent, and if each year we manage to reduce the probability to only 80 percent of what it was the previous year, then the cumulative probability of nuclear war for all time will be 5 percent."

How best to reduce our reliance on these weapons? Improved technology offers some hope. President Reagan has based his Strategic Defense Initiative on the desire to escape from the dilemmas of nuclear deterrence. But to escape from deterrence requires a leakproof defense not only against ballistic missiles but also against bombers and cruise missiles. Such a perfect defense seems unlikely.

THE POLITICAL and social paths to a less dangerous nuclear future lack the glamour of the technological fix. As many scientists have sadly discovered, politics is harder than physics. These paths, though, do not depend on utopian thinking or even on optimistic judgments of the Soviets. Warm relations and trust are not necessary for cooperation, nor is some central authority like the United Nations. Competition does not prevent cooperation. Game theory shows that when games of competition and cooperation are played over long periods, a strategy of reciprocity is most effective. When the shadow of the future looms large over the present, the incentives for cooperation

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among competitors are strengthened. On such realistic premises, it is quite possible to construct a gradual improvement of U.S.-Soviet cooperation.

These five maxims of "just deterrence" do not attempt to solve all nuclear dilemmas. There is no way to avoid complex empirical arguments and often enormous uncertainty. But they can give Americans, politicians, and citizens a basis for judging and reacting to nuclear policies. They may also give us a sense of hope and moral effectiveness rather than a pessimism that fosters alarm or complacency.

JOSEPH S. NYE JR.

Joseph S. Nye Jr. is director of the Center for Science and International Affairs at Harvard. This article is drawn from his forthcoming book *Nuclear Ethics* (The Free Press), reviewed on page 27.

The invisible hand building Reagan's global economic policy.

JIM BAKER REMAKES THE WORLD

BY ROBERT KUTTNER

THERE IS AN invisible hand guiding the Reagan administration's newly assertive foreign economic policy, and it belongs to Treasury Secretary James A. Baker III. Baker has seized control of a wide swath of policy-making territory from several Cabinet departments, and used his power to sponsor a surprisingly *dirigiste* grand economic strategy—sacrificing Reaganite ideological purity to practical opportunity. In another sense, though, Baker's effort is thoroughly Reaganite: an assertion of American leadership that is an economic counterpart to the military adventures of the Reagan Doctrine.

On September 22, Baker and his deputy Richard Darman announced an accord among the five leading industrial nations—the "Group of Five," or just plain "G-5"—to reduce the value of the U.S. dollar. Until then, the Reagan administration's economic philosophy on the dollar, as on other issues, was strict Chicago economics: policy intervention is essentially powerless to affect exchange rates. If the dollar was overvalued, it was because our policy mix was out of whack—fiscal stimulus too loose (the deficit) and monetary policy too tight (high interest rates). In the conventional view, the market was reading the value of the dollar all too accurately.

But Baker and Darman were convinced that markets were simply reading the value of the dollar wrong—which can't happen in Chicagoland. Beyond giving the market a onetime shove, Baker used the September 22 meeting to inaugurate an era of much closer economic policy coordination among the major nations, with finance ministers and central bankers taking the lead. Not only has the dollar declined to about where most experts think it belongs. It declined gently, allowing interest rates to decline with it. The November move was followed in February by another joint operation, also orchestrated by Baker and Darman—a rare coordinated cut in central bank discount rates by the Bank of Tokyo, the West German Bundesbank, and the American Federal Reserve. The new policy of macroeconomic coordination almost surely will move forward at the May economic summit in Tokyo.

The new approach enjoys support from an unlikely assortment of policy types across the ideological spectrum. "I can't think of anything he's doing that I wouldn't do, except maybe I'd do it a little faster," says Fred Bergsten, a Keynesian liberal who was assistant treasury secretary for economic affairs under Carter, and an advocate of managed exchange rates. "It is a real coup for the supply side," insists Alan Reynolds of Polyconomics, Inc., a member of the supply-side fraternity. Conservative representative Jack Kemp and liberal senator Bill Bradley both praise Baker warmly. In military and geopolitical affairs, in domestic economics and social policy, despite Reagan's popularity, his program sows deep discord, both inside Republican circles and in the country. But on international economics, the administration has forged a genuine new consensus.

The grand design, if successful, could herald an era of renewed U.S. economic leadership of a sort not seen since the period that began at the end of World War II and ended sometime between the escalation of the Vietnam War and the rise of OPEC. Like Eisenhower's pullout from Korea, de Gaulle's accord with Algeria, or Nixon's embrace of China, it could have been done only by a conservative administration. If, say, Walter Mondale had proposed this scheme, it would have been dismissed as a naive call for global planning, with a suspiciously French odor.

Why did this policy reversal happen when it did, and how was Baker able to broker it within the laissez-faire councils of the Reagan administration? The world economic system is increasingly a single market that spills over 150 different political systems, whose policies often operate at cross-purposes. This market is still based largely on the currency of a single nation, the United States. Under the post-1973 regime of floating exchange rates, the relative value of national currencies changes daily, so that money itself becomes the ultimate speculative commodity.

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Deregulated banks are free to operate worldwide, to invent new financial instruments, to lend money to shaky governments on the giddy assumption that a sovereign state cannot go bankrupt. The world honors a system of free trade, but universally cheats on it. In short, the world economy today is like a very large ship with a diminished rudder. The stabilizing elements that worked so well in the 1940s and 1950s have gone.

Even a good free enterpriser, therefore, might doubt that the invisible hand can function in the global economy the way it does domestically. But that was precisely what the economic team believed in the first Reagan administration. "Team" puts it too kindly. In the first Reagan term there was open combat between supply-siders, monetarists, and the traditional austerity-conservatives of the David Stockman / Martin Feldstein variety. (The *Wall Street Journal* uncharitably calls this last group the "root canal school.") This fractious collection generally agreed about one thing: that governments ought not to meddle with exchange rates, joint national economic strategies, or the lending decisions of private banks. The alternative approach, which saw the world's economic system as a fit arena for activist diplomacy and institution-building, smacked of global Keynesianism, the Trilateral Commission, one-worldism, and worse.

ENTER BAKER and Darman. If there is a division of labor between the two, it is Baker as the political point man and Darman as the idea man. But that oversimplifies, for Darman is no mean strategist, and Baker is also serious about ideas. As White House chief of staff in the first term, Baker acquired a reputation as the pragmatist in a deeply ideological administration, the counterweight to the movement conservatives. He was despised by the administration's ultras, but he was so close to Reagan, such an invaluable legislative tactician, and so nimble politically, that nobody could dislodge him. Baker is an activist—not ideologically but temperamentally. He switched jobs with Donald Regan last year mainly because he was restless and he saw a power vacuum.

An Adam Smith sort of world offers no place for an activist. But for Baker, the international economic policy of the first Reagan administration seemed less a faithful embrace of markets than an abdication of global leadership. Baker's ideological cover comes from the fact that his economic interventionism seems of a piece with Reagan's own geopolitical assertiveness. Far from being the scene of a betrayal of Adam Smith, the Group of Five is just another theater for resurgent U.S. leadership. In that regard, benign neglect of the Milton Friedman sort can be painted as the economic equivalent of unilateral disarmament—a foreign policy stance more appropriate to Jimmy Carter.

Regan, who had come from Wall Street, was content to run Treasury in the traditional way, worrying about domestic financial questions, and leaving foreign economic policy to the invisible hand, or to Secretary of State George Shultz, who is an economist. Treasury also provided a home to many of the administration's ultra-conservative eccentrics, such as Paul Craig Roberts and Beryl Sprinkel, who totally opposed interventionism. Sprinkel is now chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, but he is utterly without influence. As an infighter, Baker is quietly lethal. It is a testament to Baker's deftness that one hears nothing of a Baker-Sprinkel feud. Sprinkel is simply out of it.

When Regan and Baker switched jobs, one of Baker's first moves was to get presidential approval for a single Economic Policy Council, with the treasury secretary as chairman. Baker's new council takes the place of the four separate overlapping Cabinet councils that operated at cross-purposes in the first Reagan administration. When a major economic issue arises, an assistant secretary from the department most directly involved makes a presentation to the council. But it is Baker who defines the consensus position, and forwards it to the president. This gives Baker effective control over every major economic policy issue except perhaps the budget—taxes, trade, global debt, macroeconomic strategy, exchange rates, development finance. Not since Henry Kissinger has a Cabinet member combined such complete authority over a major policy area with such a clear vision of how to use it. But unlike Kissinger, Baker has a low profile and makes few enemies.

Baker also has worked hard to develop a close alliance with Paul Volcker, who was a supply-side bête noir during the first Reagan administration. Though the two politely disagree about whether to loosen money another notch or two, Baker needs Volcker's cooperation in any grand strategy. Given the loose-money majority against Volcker at the Fed, Volcker is now equally dependent on Baker. When Fed vice chairman Preston Martin assembled the other Reagan appointees and attempted to stage a four-to-three loose-money coup in February, it was Baker who rallied to Volcker's aid and Martin who ended up on the street. This also had overtones of a proxy contest between Baker and Don Regan, since it is widely thought that the leak of the four-to-three vote to columnists Evans and Novak came from Regan's man Al Kingon.

THE SUCCESS of the G-5 accord of last September, followed by the coordinated international cut in interest rates in February, was partly great timing. The dollar was seriously overvalued, even taking the U.S. deficit into account. "It was a speculative bubble," says Bergsten, "waiting to be pricked." In America protectionist pressure was growing. In Japan the specter of overt U.S. protectionism was far more worrisome than a stronger yen. Even the Germans, normally the most laissez-faire of the European nations, were enjoying a recovery, and were receptive to a stronger deutsche mark. The only real concern was that a cheaper dollar might reignite inflation. But here, OPEC came to the rescue. With oil plummeting, any worry about inflation seemed silly.

In 1985 the growth rates, interest rates, and inflation rates of the world's major industrial nations had finally begun to converge. This helped too. Carter had attempted a similar sort of macro-coordination in 1978 and 1979, but that was

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not a propitious time for U.S. leadership. Like Plunkitt of Tammany Hall, Baker saw an opportunity, and took it.

The money issue attracts obsessives. If Baker has numerous fans, he also must endure numerous kibitzers. Kemp, for one, sees Baker's move as only an interim step that must end in a new system of exchange rates anchored by something more real and reliable than merely each other—if not by gold, then perhaps by a "basket" of commodities. Kemp declares, "Baker has made a great beginning, but we're getting close to the end of the ad hoc-ery."

MANY ECONOMISTS think the next logical move should be "target zones." Under such a system, currencies would be permitted to fluctuate within an approved range, say, of 20 percent. A dollar, for example, could be worth 160 to 200 yen. When the currency got near the top or bottom of the zone, this would be a signal for central bank intervention and changes in domestic policy. Over time, zones would be adjusted to reflect real changes in the long-term competitive position of different economies. In the distinctive jargon of the dismal science, this is known as "crawling target zones." This system would combine the predictability of the postwar fixed-rate system established at Bretton Woods, in which currencies could fluctuate only one percent, with the flexibility of a float system, but without the wild gyrations of recent years.

Floating rates were supposed to be a demonstration of how free markets are superior to government intervention. In a floating rate system, in theory, a country running a big budget deficit, or tolerating high inflation, or losing its competitive edge, will see its currency lose value, as the market perceives the changing reality. But in the early 1980s, the opposite happened. Despite our deficit and our widening uncompetitiveness, foreigners, trusting the long-term prospects of the dollar, poured capital into the U.S. to take advantage of our high interest rates, and funded both our trade deficit and our domestic budget deficit. The capital inflow balanced the trade outflow, and the dollar stayed high.

Critics of floating rates, such as John Williamson of the Institute for International Economics, and author of the target zone plan, argue that they will never quite work as advertised, because currency markets are inherently speculative, and dangerously "overshoot." He thinks that the discipline required to maintain target zones will impel the major industrial nations to better align economic fundamentals—their growth rates, interest rates, inflation rates, and tax and investment policies. On the other hand, defenders of floating rates, such as Robert Solomon, formerly the Fed's chief international economist, argue that if policies are in harmony, target zones are unnecessary; and if they are divergent, then target zones can't work. "Target zones would have broken down during the past decade," Solomon says, just as Bretton Woods broke down under the economic stresses of the late 1960s. "If you have target zones, it forces you to do certain other things; if you go down that road, you acknowledge interdependence."

But that is precisely the point. And the current debate about fixing exchange rates versus coordinating economic policies is really a chicken-and-egg argument. Should policy coordination come first? Or should the Western nations fix their exchange rates as a way to force themselves to coordinate economic policies? What is radically different about the 1986 debate, compared to, say, the debate in 1982, is that all parties now recognize the need for much greater international coordination, whichever move comes first. For that new consensus, Baker deserves much of the credit.

Target zones have a bit too much ideological baggage for Baker to embrace them just yet. Though the floating rate regime didn't perform as advertised, most orthodox economists continue to blame that on the bizarre economic conditions of the early 1980s, not on the float itself. From Baker's point of view, the immediate goal is not new mechanisms, but building political support for the grand vision.

Baker's political mechanism is likely to be the annual economic summits. Until now, these have been sterile, ritual events. Just as Baker and Darman converted the annual G-5 meeting of finance ministers and central bankers from an occasion for reading pronouncements into a real institution, the summit process might become an annual forum for real progress, with serious preparatory work done by the G-5 finance ministers—which is to say by Baker. The Baker regime is highly popular in foreign capitals. Europe generally welcomed the September 22 initiative, because it portended long-overdue cuts in interest rates, and a welcome U.S. retreat from doctrinal purism. Richard Medley, who worked with Bradley and Kemp to organize an influential Congressional Summit on global monetary reform, says, "The G-5 signaled to Europe that the Reagan administration was rejoining the world."

THERE ARE those who scoff at the whole endeavor. "If these guys were in an ordinary administration, they'd look quite unremarkable," says Robert Solomon. "But compared to what was there before . . ." A ranking State Department official who is losing turf to Baker says: "The G-5 was more appearance than reality. The fall in the dollar had little to do with real changes in policy. Markets are so far ahead of governments that by the time the government figures something out the market has already anticipated it."

For Baker, however, such deprecation has its uses. In some councils, it is convenient to characterize September 22 as merely a course correction rather than a major departure. An administration official observes: "This is, in fact, a subtle policy shift. A decade ago it was exactly the sort of thing other nations would propose at summits and the U.S. would reject out of hand. Around 1970 it became fashionable in establishment circles to accept the interdependence of the world economy. But there was a long lag between the reality and the perception, another lag between the perception and the policy change, and there will be a further lag between the policy change and the development of new global institutions."

Progress toward this new economic regime was relatively easy on the issues of macroeconomic coordination and

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exchange-rate reform. But two other pressing candidates for global coordination—Third World debt and trade—remain far more difficult.

On the debt front, Baker's main initiative to date was the Seoul proposal of last November. The idea was that policy toward the Third World should emphasize market-oriented development lending, rather than loans to governments for traditional public works projects and deficit finance. The subtext is a bigger role for the World Bank, and a smaller one for the austerity-oriented IMF. In the past, both liberals and supply-siders have sharply criticized the IMF for inflicting austerity cures on nations that were hard-pressed to begin with. A typical IMF condition for a bailout included a devaluation (which invariably proved inflationary) combined with increases in the prices of basic commodities and cuts in wages and social benefits. Often the IMF approach only led to worse austerity, at the expense of growth. The Reagan administration likes the idea of IMF "conditionality," but wants the IMF terms to encourage supply-side nostrums—lower taxes, freer markets, more entrepreneurship.

The Seoul plan, though plausible for the long term, offers nothing new to the several Third World nations facing imminent bankruptcy—beginning with Mexico, which could find itself out of reserves in a few weeks. "The banks," says a close observer of the Mexico negotiations, "keep sending the Mexicans to Baker, and Baker keeps telling them to go home and reform their system." Thus, with the Seoul commitment still largely unfunded, the plan could be upstaged by an immediate crisis.

Trade presents even more serious problems. At the Bonn summit last year, the industrial nations agreed that 1986 should be the year for a new round of trade talks. So far preparations remain bogged down in preliminary squabbles. Although past trade negotiations have sharply cut tariffs, the free-trade system is enmeshed in a thicket of subsidies, quotas, national development strategies, and other covert forms of protection.

MORE IMMEDIATELY, and perhaps more ominously, the sharp decline of the dollar does not promise any solution to America's serious trade imbalance. Many of the economists who blamed the erosion of U.S. industry on the high dollar now say that the dollar would have to decline substantially further to solve our trade problems. Bergsten, the leading exponent of the view that the overvalued dollar caused the trade deficit, now says that the yen will have to appreciate from its present rate of about 180 to the dollar, to 120 by the end of the decade. Brookings economist Lawrence Krause sees the yen at 100 to the dollar.

This suggests that our trade imbalance, particularly with Japan, is increasingly structural. So many Japanese products are now an integral part of our economy that a higher-valued yen won't automatically dislodge them. If Japanese suppliers of superior goods have inserted them into the fabric of the American economy, as they so clearly have, a yen worth twice its old value doesn't mean that we send less money to Japan; it only means that we get half as many goods for the same cost. In short, it is unlikely that the U.S. can solve its competitiveness problems through exchange-rates shift alone.

Moreover, the talk of a perpetually more expensive yen drives the Japanese wild, for at some point the exchange-rate system is being made to punish Japan for its superior productivity. If management of exchange rates translates into American pressure to always push the yen 20 percent above its present value, then Japan is the first nation off the Baker bus. The risk is the worst of all worlds—a steadily cheaper dollar, diplomatic testiness, and no real improvement of America's competitive position.

ONE APPROACH that will be featured at Reagan's mid-April pre-summit meeting with Japanese premier Yasuhiro Nakasone in Washington concedes that Japan will always be a champion exporter, but increases the pressure on Japan to increase its imports. The administration plan, approved last week by Baker's Economic Policy Council, cites a report by the Japanese Planning Agency, which argues that Japan is now sufficiently developed to become an "importing superpower."

Before the last Nakasone visit, a very similar approach to negotiating with the Japanese was rejected as smacking of economic intervention. The plan was promoted by the U.S. Trade Representative and the Department of Commerce; one of the staunchest opponents was Treasury Secretary Donald Regan. But such interventions are fine with Regan's successor.

Baker's smooth dominance of things economic is in radical contrast to the other major foreign policy area, national security, where there is open conflict among the departments of State and Defense, the National Security Council, and the CIA. The one senior Cabinet official who loses the most from Baker's rise, Secretary of State Shultz, the father of floating rates, has been usefully preoccupied with such events as Bitburg, Libya, Lebanon, Grenada, Nicaragua, and the Greek military bases.

The tangible results of the Baker scheme are modest so far. But a popular phrase around the Baker Treasury is that "coordination breeds more coordination." If the scheme succeeds, Baker will restore the U.S. to a position of world economic leadership—and it will be leadership in service of essentially laissez-faire principles. When Baker promotes international policy coordination, the policies he has in mind converge around such Reaganomic ideas as low taxes and market liberalization. And that, finally, is the secret of Baker's success as an interventionist in a laissez-faire administration. The interventions he proposes would make the world safe for Reaganomics.

In 1946, at the close of World War II, an Englishman, Professor David Mitrany, wrote an influential book called *A Working Peace System.* Mitrany observed that there were only two routes to international harmony: "A world state which would wipe out political divisions forcibly," or a "spreading web of international activities and agencies, through which the interests and life of all nations would gradually be integrated." Mitrany was an important

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prophet for the generation that developed the Marshall Plan, the postwar trade and currency systems, and the European common market: if the anachronistic nation state could not be overcome frontally, perhaps it could be made to wither away by building a new set of functional supranational institutions. In retrospect, the achievement of the 1940s was immense. The European common market went a long way toward realizing Mitrany's dream, at least on European soil. So closely interlinked are Europe's economies that hostilities between, say, Germany and France are unthinkable.

It has been two full decades since the world has seen that brand of global institution-building. If Baker succeeds in restoring activist internationalism to respectability, he will create far more than a vehicle to market Reaganomics. Indeed, the world will need a new set of shock-absorbing global institutions when the bill for Reaganomics comes due.

The untold story of the 'Amerasia' case.

ANATOMY OF A FIX

BY HARVEY KLEHR AND RONALD RADOSH

ON JUNE 6, 1945, six people associated with *Amerasia*, a left-wing magazine devoted to Asian affairs, were arrested by the FBI and charged with conspiring to pass secrets to a foreign power. Thousands of confidential government documents were seized from the magazine's offices. Two people eventually pleaded guilty to unauthorized possession of government material and were fined. Charges against four other defendants, including John Stewart Service, a State Department official well known for his opposition to U.S. policy toward China, were dropped.

The *Amerasia* case, although largely forgotten today, proved to be a microcosm of postwar American politics. The characters have become enduring political types: alleged communist spies, disenchanted bureaucrats, overzealous law-enforcement officials, crusading left-wing editors, and outraged right-wing pundits. The kinds of controversies raised by the case have become staples: Did conservatives stifle free debate in the name of anti-communism? Did the left abet communists in the name of liberalism? And the larger foreign policy crisis that generated the *Amerasia* case could not be more familiar: How should the United States deal with a dictatorship (in this case, led by Chiang Kai-shek) facing a communist insurgency (led by Mao Tse-tung)?

To American conservatives, the *Amerasia* defendants were spies who played a key role in the communist takeover of China in 1949. In 1950 Senator Joseph McCarthy charged that a pro-communist cabal high in the Truman administration had covered up the case to hide its role in undermining Chiang. Liberals retorted that the arrests were an effort to intimidate critics of American support for the corrupt and reactionary Kuomintang government. Historian Barbara Tuchman has written that the case was the "first step" toward the "tawdry reign of terror soon to be imposed with such astonishing ease by Senator Joe McCarthy."

Recently released FBI files on the case reveal that just about everybody was wrong in one way or another about the *Amerasia* case. The new evidence shows that indeed there was a high-level conspiracy to fix the case, as conservatives suspected—but that right-wingers were wrong to conclude that the cover-up was orchestrated to protect communists. Liberals were right that the government had little evidence to support allegations of spying, at least not against John Stewart Service. But they were wrong to think that it was blind justice that secured Service's release.

In fact, the new evidence indicates that the Chinese Nationalists (heroes to conservatives) and Service and his supporters (heroes to liberals) indirectly collaborated to prevent any courtroom proceedings that would have embarrassed them both. And in a thoroughly contemporary twist, it was one of Washington's first influence-peddlers, Tommy Corcoran, a former presidential aide who traded on his access to the powerful, who fixed the case. His critical role in the *Amerasia* affair is revealed here for the first time.

During World War II John Stewart Service was a young foreign service officer assigned to the staff of General Joseph Stilwell, the commander of Allied troops fighting the Japanese in China. Stilwell and his staff believed that the United States should force Chiang to democratize his government and end its corruption. They also favored some kind of accommodation with Mao's guerrilla forces. But in October 1944, President Roosevelt was persuaded

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by associates to reject Stilwell's analysis. Among them was Tommy (The Cork) Corcoran, a former assistant and longtime New Dealer who had become the Kuomintang's agent in the United States. FDR relieved Stilwell of his command and ordered him not to publicly discuss China policy. Soon after, Service was sent home to a minor post. The United States remained firmly allied with Chiang.

In the time-honored tradition of Washington bureaucrats, Service continued to promote his own views by speaking in "not for attribution" interviews with sympathetic journalists. Service says that Lauchlin Currie, an adviser to President Truman, "had encouraged and facilitated" him in spreading his critical views on China policy: "I was Lauchlin Currie's designated leaker." Service was aware that one of his contacts, Philip Jaffe, was pro-communist. But Service knew that the editor could be a valuable ally in the struggle to change China policy. Jaffe was a forceful critic of U.S. support for Chiang, and *Amerasia* was influential among China experts.

Service did not know that Jaffe was also in contact with a Soviet intelligence agent and was amenable to providing the agent with secret information. (There is no evidence that he ever did so.) Government investigators had learned about Jaffe's intentions by illegally bugging his phone. Even before that the FBI had broken into *Amerasia*'s editorial offices in New York. They had found thousands of classified documents, and reports written by Service in China. Two months later, the *Amerasia* arrests were made in New York and Washington.

Service admitted later that he had been "indiscreet" in his relations with Jaffe, but insisted that he had never given any confidential classified material to him. He said he had merely loaned Jaffe his personal papers as background material. A federal grand jury unanimously refused to indict Service in August 1945.

From this brief episode sprang the two competing interpretations of the *Amerasia* case. The liberal view stressed Service's innocence and his ordeal. Service resumed his career in the State Department after 1945, but remained a marked man, enduring seven separate loyalty or security investigations over the next seven years. After an adverse ruling in 1952, he was fired. A court ordered him rehired in 1957, and he regained his security clearance two years later. America's reestablishment of ties with Mao's China in 1972 seemed to mark his complete vindication.

The conservative view insisted that the grand jury's failure to indict Service was the result of political manipulation to protect communist sympathizers high in the government. In 1946, under pressure from right-wing congressmen, the House established the Hobbs Committee to investigate the case. But the committee was unable to refute the Justice Department's claim that the prosecution of the case, weakened though it was by the illegal wiretaps and break-ins, had been as vigorous as possible. That didn't satisfy the right. In 1950, after prodding by Joe McCarthy, the Senate established the Tydings Committee to investigate communist influence in the State Department. One of its preoccupations was the *Amerasia* case.

STAR WARS

SUICIDE OR SURVIVAL? Lord Chalfont, Chairman of the House of Lords All Party Defense Group, examines the technical arguments surrounding "Star Wars," then looks at the program in the broader context of its effect on international affairs. His deeply researched and closely reasoned report is must reading for everyone concerned with this crucial issue.

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STAR WARS:
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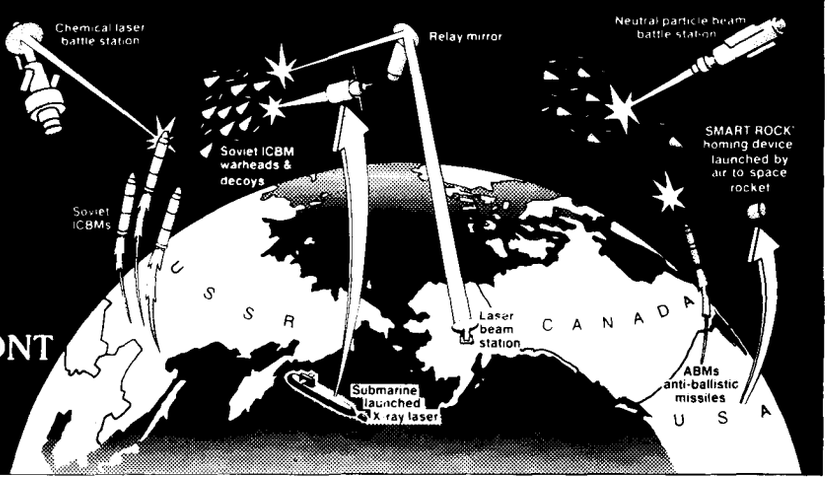
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Neutral particle beam battle station
Soviet ICBM warheads & decoys
Soviet ICBMs
SMART ROCK homing device launched by air to space rocket
U S S R
Laser beam station
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Submarine launched X ray laser
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Republicans on the committee wanted to know about the possibility that the case had been fixed, and about the possible involvement of Tommy Corcoran in particular. Service testified he had had one fleeting contact with Corcoran. He said he had spoken to Corcoran soon after his arrest in June 1945, and that Corcoran had recommended he keep the lawyer he had already provisionally retained. Robert Morris, counsel for the Republican minority, asked: "Did he [Corcoran] give you any other advice?" Service responded simply and promptly: "No."

At the time, suspicions that Tommy Corcoran was helping John Stewart Service seemed like just more right-wing conspiracy-mongering. Corcoran, after all, was the major figure in China Defense Supplies, a company created to handle the transfer of American funds and equipment to Chiang Kai-shek's government. He not only represented the Kuomintang's economic interests in America, he worked to advance their political goals as well. It was in his capacity as representative of the Kuomintang that Corcoran had joined in the effort to prevail upon Roosevelt to dump Stilwell. Corcoran seemed to have no apparent reason to rescue Service, one of his client's most powerful critics, from legal charges—even if they were false.

WHEN WE interviewed Service, he initially repeated the story he had told the Tydings Committee 35 years ago: he had only had a fleeting contact with Corcoran. What Service did not know—what no one knew until recently—was that President Truman had ordered an illegal wiretap on Tommy Corcoran's phones. The verbatim transcripts of these wiretaps reveal that Service conferred repeatedly with Corcoran, and that Corcoran helped shape his legal defense. The wiretap, which was in place from June 8, 1945, until April 1947, shows (along with other material from FBI files) how Corcoran secretly used his influence to clear Service. Corcoran won the cooperation of the attorney general of the United States, Justice Department prosecutors, and State Department officials. Service probably wouldn't have been indicted anyway, but Corcoran's intervention spared him tough questioning in front of a grand jury. Corcoran also ensured that Service would not have to assist prosecutors by testifying against the other defendants. After being shown the transcripts, Service admitted the truth.

Corcoran, who died in 1981, never explained why he went to such extraordinary lengths to aid an adversary whom he did not even know. His maneuverings behind the scenes, though, show that he consistently acted to keep his employer, the Chinese Nationalists, out of harm's way. That meant making sure that the case did not become a political issue. From the day that the *Amerasia* case broke, Corcoran was concerned about Service's defense, especially about his lawyer's political inclinations. "Is he a Red?" Corcoran asked an associate on June 11, 1945. Corcoran's friend said that Service's attorney was "on the conservative side," "reliable," and "very good." Corcoran was reassured. He emphasized that he was not "the slightest interested in the principle of the thing," but only desired "to get my fellow and my friend [sic] out." Corcoran stressed that he did not want the *Amerasia* affair to become "a Dreyfus case." "The Dreyfus case," he quipped, "was wonderful for the lawyers and tough on Dreyfus." Later that day, Lauchlin Currie called Corcoran to ask him to help Service, and Corcoran said he would.

IRONICALLY, "a Dreyfus case" was exactly what Service's friend and political ally General Stilwell wanted. Stilwell saw Service's arrest as his opportunity to escape the gag order that had silenced him. Called to testify in a trial, he could reveal all he knew about the Chinese Nationalists. Service recalls receiving a letter from Stilwell saying that he intended to "speak freely and 'blow the lid off' " U.S. policy in China. That letter has disappeared, but Stilwell's top aide, Colonel Paul Jones, has confirmed that Stilwell hoped to use the trial to air his views.

Service, too, initially wanted to make the trial a political forum, but then changed his mind. For one thing, Currie was urging him to follow Corcoran's advice. For another, any such trial would reveal in detail how Service, a foreign service professional, had attempted surreptitiously to undermine U.S. policy and to do so had cooperated with a pro-communist activist like Jaffe. Neither revelation could have had a beneficial effect on Service's State Department career. Moreover, it would, as Service wrote to Stilwell, "pull in a great many people who now hold important jobs" (i.e., Currie and other friends of Service high in the government).

Service, too, now believes that T. V. Soong, Chiang Kai-shek's foreign minister and a friend of Corcoran, was "astute enough to recognize the dangers in a public rehashing of the China tangles" that would result from a public trial. Service and Stilwell were particularly knowledgeable about widespread corruption in the Chinese Nationalist leadership. Looking back, Service says that Corcoran gave him "the definite impression that Soong at least knew of his assistance in my case." And if Soong knew, he obviously did not object, or Corcoran would never have gone ahead with helping Service.

Corcoran's legal strategy was aimed at preventing Service from having to speak publicly. But as Corcoran conceded to Currie, his connections to the pro-Chiang forces put him in an awkward position. Corcoran said he didn't want "to be out front because of the interest of other clients that I have got at the State Department." Currie asked if Corcoran could do something on the side. Corcoran responded: "Yeah. Yeah."

Corcoran quickly got in touch with Tom Clark, President Truman's nominee for attorney general. Clark's appointment was facing potential opposition from two influential senators. Corcoran assured Clark that arrangements were being made to get his nomination approved without objection. The next day Corcoran phoned Clark again to reiterate the point. The FBI agent monitoring the conversation noted, "It is obvious that Corcoran is making every effort to develop Tom Clark and by inference has taken the credit for having Tom Clark's nomination approved by the

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Senate committee." Corcoran was doing a favor that Clark could return at a later date.

Service, confident that he had nothing to hide, was scheduled to appear before the grand jury investigating the case on July 30. But Corcoran was also reluctant to let Service testify. Without a lawyer present, and with prosecutors free to grill him, there were obvious risks from Corcoran's point of view. On July 24 Corcoran told Service that he had spoken once more with Tom Clark, who had been confirmed as attorney general. Corcoran said that he had an understanding with Clark that Service would not be considered for indictment, "so there wouldn't be any necessity of your going before the grand jury at all." Corcoran called James P. McGranery, the assistant attorney general in charge of the criminal division, who became attorney general after Clark, on July 26. McGranery pledged to "take care of it for you."

Later that day Corcoran managed to reach Tom Clark again. Clark said that Service was "a pretty good man . . . the only good guy in the outfit." Then Clark gave Corcoran some good news. His office was "not inclined to include [Service] in it [the indictment]." But Clark still thought Service should appear before the grand jury to "make a good impression." Clark said Service's interrogators would not be "antagonistic."

Corcoran was not reassured. His goal was not simply clearing Service's name—he wanted Service to be completely silent. Corcoran got back in touch with McGranery and asked if Service should appear. McGranery replied: "No, definitely no." Corcoran immediately contacted Service, and told him to tell his attorney that he would not go before the grand jury. Service was confused, but Corcoran was adamant: "When I have a flat deal like that," he told Service, "you are going to be cleared. . . . I don't like anyone to have to talk before a grand jury."

Corcoran was wrong. McGranery apparently had not conferred with his subordinates. When he did, he learned that they wanted Service to appear. He called Corcoran back later that day and said Service should appear after all. But he reiterated that there was no danger to Service. "Let him go," McGranery told Corcoran. "I'll keep my bargain and I'll make him . . . [the subordinate who directed the prosecution] keep his." Corcoran accepted this second-best arrangement and apologized for the maneuvering: "I have never done this before in my life." "Neither have I," McGranery responded. "It's the lousiest thing."

Corcoran called Service again the next day and told him that he should testify after all. "This is double-riveted from top to bottom," he reassured him about the change in plans. "I also have a deal that you are not going to be used as a witness [against the other *Amerasia* defendants]. Just don't talk any more about anyone else than you can help." Service said that he didn't intend to talk. He appeared before the grand jury on August 6, 1945, and was unanimously cleared on August 10. He would not have to appear as a witness against the other defendants.

Service's escape from the spurious espionage indictment had led him into a trap. He was an innocent man whose case had been fixed. He could not reveal Corcoran's role in the case without confirming the right's suspicions that there was a cover-up. But he could not deny it without misleading the public. To protect himself and his friends (such as Currie), he misled the public. Questioned about Corcoran in 1950 by the Tydings Committee, he lied. This deception, in turn, fed the suspicions of the right.

But, in yet another ironic twist, it was the FBI (which had arrested Service in the first place) that maintained the Corcoran cover-up. One of the questions that the Tydings Committee submitted to the FBI during the hearings was: "Does the bureau have any information of a cover-up or a fix in this case?" An FBI official privately warned the Justice Department that the bureau "didn't want to admit [the Corcoran wiretapping], but if we were ever forced into a position, the only thing we could do would be to tell the truth and point out how we were ordered to do this." That was a pointed threat to President Truman, who had personally ordered the wiretap. A Justice Department official assured the FBI that if bureau officials referred the question of a cover-up to representatives of the Justice Department, they would conceal the FBI's role.

A high-ranking FBI official subsequently told the Tydings Committee that no one in the FBI had been approached to fix the case. Senator Tydings asked if the FBI had any knowledge of anyone else in the government being approached. The official lamely noted, "that is a difficult question for me to answer." When a perplexed senator pushed him about whether there was any evidence of improper influence, the official said, "Not to my knowledge." For 35 years that answer has been accepted.

CORCORAN'S FIX had three important consequences beyond the fate of John Service. First, although McCarthy made his usual wild charge that a congressional investigation would expose important atomic espionage, he was right that the *Amerasia* case was part of "a highly organized campaign to switch American policy in the Far East." The Democrats on the Tydings Committee never did pursue the question of how thousands of secret documents had arrived at the offices of a tiny publication. Nor did they pursue the leads that there was some kind of fix in the case. It was, as McCarthy said, a "whitewash."

Second, had Service been pressed to testify that Jaffe had sought information and documents from him, the case against Jaffe might have been buttressed, since the evidence against him was much stronger than that against the other defendants. By agreeing to the fix, the Justice Department interfered with the prosecution of its own case.

Third, and perhaps most significantly, Service also passed up the opportunity to denounce Chiang Kai-shek's real failures. A highly publicized trial in 1945 at which Service and Stilwell testified might have had a profound influence on U.S.-China policy. That was what Service had been seeking to do when he first contacted the *Amerasia* editors. By fixing the *Amerasia* case, Tommy Corcoran helped deny John Stewart Service what he wanted most. □

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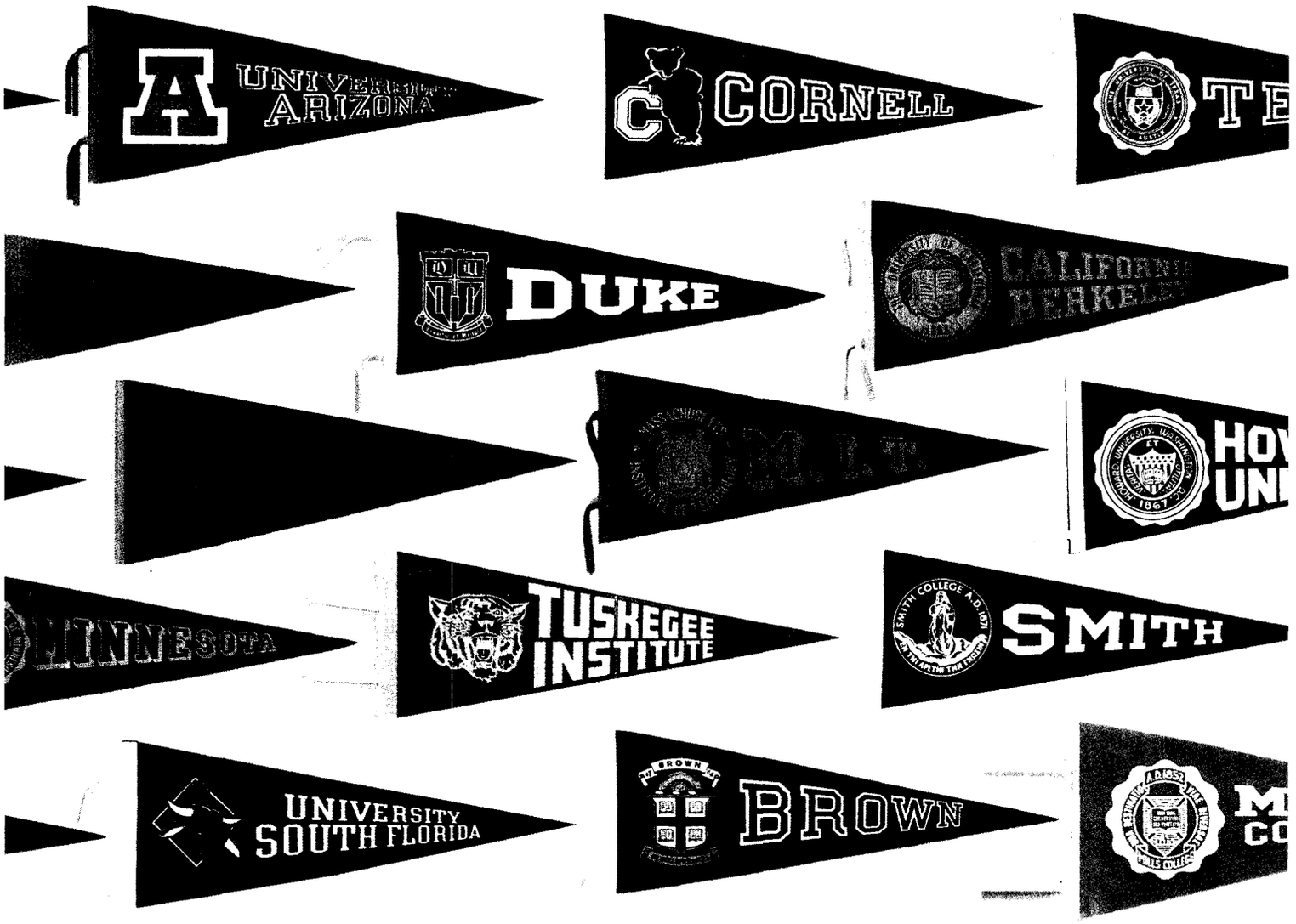

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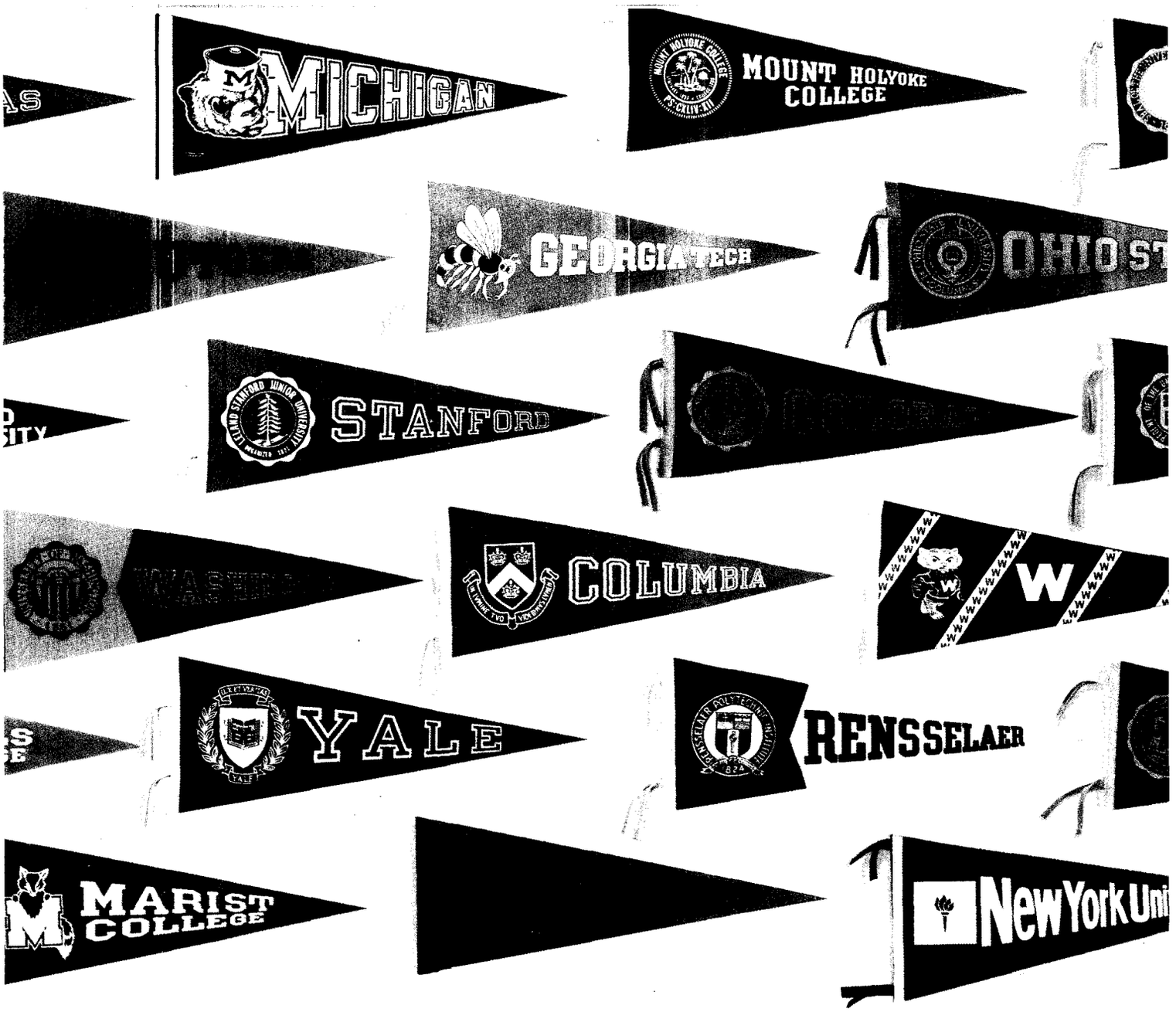

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Seeing Is Disbelieving

Belief is taking a battering these days. By "these days" I mean the last 25 years or so. Until then, from the beginnings of American film, credibility played about as large a part in films as it did in advertising. We knew we were not really expected to believe the claims in an ad, although we might actually try the (say) shoe polish it peddled because we need-

Just Between Friends
(Orion)

Gung Ho
(Paramount)

ed shoe polish. We knew we were not expected to believe the plot contrivances of films, although we enjoyed the situations to which they led. That willingly suspended disbelief, without which Madison Avenue would wither, still works for advertising. But disbelief is getting harder to suspend in films because nowadays the incredible often brings with it a lot of the incongruent credible. The extravagances of old Hollywood plots were usually accompanied by dialogue, acting, and characterization to match. Today we frequently get the same carpentered plot contrivances, but in our permissive age, they are accompanied by realistic dialogue often quite good and often salty. The credibility of the texture, sometimes supported by competent acting, fights the silliness of the plot.

Two recent examples rub this contrast in. *Just Between Friends* is a domestic comedy-drama with Mary Tyler Moore, Christine Lahti, and Ted Danson. The script, written and directed by Allan Burns, who used to work on Moore's TV show, presents her as a middle-aging but trim housewife with two large adolescent children and an adored, apparently adoring husband. Lahti is a local newscaster, Grade Two, trying to work up to anchorperson. Lahti interviews Danson, Moore's husband, who is a seismologist, about some earth tremors. Later the two women meet in an exercise class and like each other. In the course of chat after class, Lahti discloses that she's having an affair with a married man, unnamed. (Yes, *you* can name him—that's exactly my point.) Moore invites Lahti to dinner; the latter discovers that her lover is Moore's husband. Moore doesn't find out until some time later, after Danson is killed in a car crash and she goes through his things in his office. And just about then, Lahti discovers she is pregnant. After some quarreling between the two women as to who deceived whom and which of them has the moral upper hand, the baby is born and everything is reconciled, with Lahti apparently to marry Danson's and Moore's friend, Sam Waterston. The fact that Waterston knew all along about Danson's affair with Lahti and concealed it from Moore, that he himself had always been in love with Moore, is just one more impediment—to a reconciled ending—that is swept aside.

Now all this, except for the frankness of sex and diction, is 1930s stuff. If, allowing for censorship, the film had been made in 1935 and were shown today, we might even enjoy it—or at least patronize it—as a small nugget from a Golden Age. The texture of that 1935 film would not fight the story. But the texture of the 1986 film fights it all along. First of all, Burns writes good talk, some of it quite funny as well as sexy. These people sound clever. Then why are they so dumb outside their repartee? Moore and Danson live in a house that seems unrelated to the income of a seismologist—even in Los Angeles. Why isn't Lahti, at least, somewhat surprised when she first sees the house? Instead, she accepts it just as Joan Crawford might have done at the old MGM. How could Lahti, shrewd as she is in everything else, never suspect that the husband of Mrs. Davis (Moore's character's name) might possibly be her lover, whose name is Davis? The fact that Moore uses a private nickname for her husband would have been enough to throw off Jean Harlow, not Lahti. And why would Danson have left a card from Lahti in his office, together with some pictures of the two of them together? Just because he didn't know he was going to be killed? Small excuse for such carelessness in a man shown to be exceptionally bright.

There's more. But that's enough to show the schism. Burns, who directed with competence, knows that audiences want hip talk these days, but he seems to think that if the dialogue bill is filled, the plot can be tacked together by aging carpenters.

All the actors, except Waterston, handle the comedy well, in inflection and timing. No great opportunity is missed in this film; the puzzle is that Burns and Moore thought they were right on some sort of target.

Then there's *Gung Ho*, which has a fairly promising idea for a farce-comedy. A Pennsylvania town depends for much of its livelihood on an automobile plant.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

My Beautiful Laundrette. Fresh, comic, grave. Hanif Kureishi's script—flawlessly performed—is about Pakistanis in London and their relations with the English; successes, fights, amours. Unique and lovely. (Reviewed 4/7/86)

A Room with a View. Except for the custardy performance of Lucy, this Merchant-Ivory-Jhabvala transmutation of Forster's novel is a chuckly delight. (3/24/86)

Shoah. By now every reader will know that this is Claude Lanzmann's nine-and-a-half-hour documentary (shown in two parts) about the Final Solution, composed of post-1976 interviews. Every week more and more viewers are convinced of its lasting importance. (10/28/85)

Turtle Diary. Harold Pinter's deft adaptation of Russell Hoban's wry, dry novel is wryly and dryly acted by Glenda Jackson, Ben Kingsley, and Michael Gambon. A quiet comedy about two Londoners who return three sea turtles from an aquarium to the sea. (3/10/86)

SK

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The plant closes down. The town's chamber of commerce decides to woo Japanese capital to reopen it. They select Michael Keaton to go to Tokyo and present the town's case to a Japanese automobile company.

The Japanese are convinced, revive the plant, and try to impose the now-celebrated Japanese corporation regimen: group exercises before work, pride in the company, willingness to work overtime without extra pay, and so on. The first conflict—there are several of them—is between anti-union practices and the fact that the union members, long out of work, are hurting. Keaton, who has been engaged by the new owners as labor liaison, is in the middle.

Now this sounds like good material for the sort of farce-comedy that the English used to make around 1960 with Ian Carmichael and Terry-Thomas—*I'm All Right Jack*, for instance—satire closely bound to all-too-real conditions. Not *Gung Ho*. Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, who wrote the amusing *Splash* (with Bruce Jay Friedman), have devised a script that makes silent-film slapstick look dainty. Keaton, arrived in Tokyo, can't find the headquarters of the motor company. The sequence in which he searches for the building suggests that his hometown must be a community of morons. At last he appears before the stone-faced Japanese board of directors and makes a presentation like a rhesus monkey specially cursed by St. Vitus. Cut. He arrives back home, feeling that he has failed—a feeling we share. Then we hear that the Japanese company is going to reopen the plant. This is just a wee bit less than credible.

Add that, in Keaton's Tokyo adventures, he stumbled on a disciplinary class in the auto factory: a class in which a group of faltering young executives were being physically disciplined, their shirts covered with large badges of shame. It is one of those failed young executives who is sent to Pennsylvania to direct the reopening of the plant.

As with Moore's film, there's more of the incredible that could be cited. As with Moore's film, there's some bright dialogue—which only fights the unbrightness of the plot.

These two films are only samples. These two films were both directed by men with plentiful TV experience. (Ron Howard did *Gung Ho*.) TV these days—from half-hour episodes to made-for-TV movies—often tackles serious subjects with mechanical plots and with dialogue that is hip, though never spicy. The schism I've noted in these two new films may be TV's sidewise gift to the movies. To write a feature comedy for theaters, you just cook up a TV script and sprinkle it with eff words.

MARK STEVENS ON ART

Sex and Success

In art, nothing succeeds like sex. The subject interests everyone, and paint itself is sexy stuff. (De Kooning said, "flesh was the reason why oil painting was invented.") To earn serious praise, however, an artist must present sex in a way that appeals to serious taste, or to important tastemakers. For example, Boucher, the master of the blushing buttock, decorated sex for the court of Louis XV. Now the subject of a retrospective at the Met, Boucher had little but charm to recommend him; still, anything more would have meant less to his patrons. Let Diderot complain, the perfumed circle around Madame Pompadour was pleased to regard the body as a rosy pillow.

Today Eric Fischl has his brush on the titillating spot. In realist paintings of middle-class people, many of whom are in sexually revealing poses, this young American painter alludes to bestiality, incest, masturbation, and interracial sex. For example, "Saviour Mother, Save Your Love(r)," a brushy picture of swirling blues and greens, shows a black man pulling a naked white woman through the water of a swimming pool. The man uses a lifesaving grip, an empty chair floats nearby, another swimmer treads water; what's happened is not quite clear. This kind of picture has made Fischl a star. Almost unknown four years ago, he is now regularly discussed in the art press and is the subject of a large traveling show, currently at the Whitney Museum in New York, which was organized by Bruce Ferguson for the Mendel Art Gallery in Saskatoon, Canada.

FISCHL OWES his success to the contemporary taste that finds, in the exposure of middle-class sexual kinks, a way to power and authenticity in art. Not surprisingly, the language of shock peppers discussion of his work: "trauma," "outrage," "broken taboos." Nonsense. Were Fischl actually to break taboos, instead of portraying some fashionable problems, he would be more controversial. Sexual shock is now an easy subject. For critics raised on modernism, the boo! in the taboo can hold few genuine terrors. (Serious taste finds sexual tenderness more difficult to address.) Commercial novels—even television—regularly report on the dirty secrets of the suburbs. Is it any coincidence that Fischl has come to prominence in a period when, for example, the sexual abuse of children is a hot topic?

Fischl's art seems new because he has updated the subject matter of realism. Since late modernist art scorned obvious subject matter, few painters made use of the sexually explicit realism that had become a staple of, say, literature. (Some people have the feeling they've seen Fischl's work before, when they've actually read a lot of Updike.) The breakdown of modernist conventions enabled Fischl to marry an essentially conservative style to intellectually hip subjects. He has made it O.K., among those who condescend to realism, to enjoy realistic painting. He stands as close to conventional taste in our day as Boucher did in his, and he is as overpraised.

But he beguiles. A quick brush, showy compositions, a feel for the slathery pleasures of paint—he has all these, and his insight into contemporary voyeurism is captivating. If many other artists are also part Peeping Tom, they nonetheless maintain a certain propriety; it's their job, they imply, to look through peepholes. Fischl by contrast takes unlicensed pleasure in the voyeur's perspective. Whether strolling on a nude beach or masturbating in a small plastic pool, the people in his pictures are rarely allowed to challenge your eye. You stand in the privileged position of being able to see

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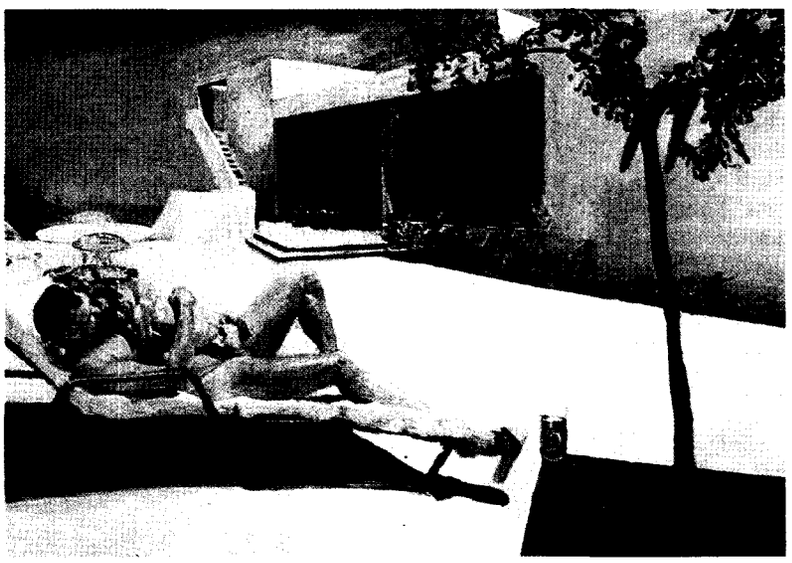
without, in turn, being "seen." Sometimes you can even see another voyeur at work. (To spy on a voyeur spying, for connoisseurs of such matters, is cream to the cat.)

A typical Fischl painting trembles with the excitement of the partly understood, the just glimpsed, the about to happen. The ordinary is about to become extraordinary. In "Daddy's Girl" a naked man, sunbathing on a patio, hugs a naked child. As the forms of their bodies blur, the edge between innocence and incest is also dissolving. In other pictures, dogs appear as both best friend and beastly menace. Earlier work (the exhibit contains art from 1980 to 1985) frequently shows the sexual awakening of an adolescent boy. In "Bad Boy" an adolescent stares at the lasciviously twisted limbs of a dreaming woman, perhaps his mother. He is simultaneously stealing something from her purse.

What is hinted at occasionally comes to pass—which must represent, to the voyeur, both the beginning and the end of hope. In such pictures, Fischl often juxtaposes two panels, as a kind of "before" and "after." The left-hand panel of "Dog Days," for example, shows two dogs keenly staring at a naked woman on a balcony. The right panel shows an adolescent boy and girl, on the same balcony, awkwardly exposing themselves to each other. The boy reaches out to touch.

What moves Fischl's obsessions beyond the merely personal, what wires his art into broader cultural meanings, is his rendering of the voyeuristic feel of modern American society. To begin with, his chosen vantage point of adolescent and voyeur is closely related to that of the television addict: the same attraction to, the same powerlessness before, a vehemence beyond reach. With his lush, easy style, he nicely suggests the otherworldly pleasure and absorption of the passive viewer before the titillating screen. He understands that pleasure—as do we all, when terrible events on television safely excite us. A recent Fischl shows a coal-black nude stretched out on a bed, her attention fastened upon a tiny portable TV. Through the window of the dark room, unseen by the woman, is something far more interesting: an abstract shock of spreading turquoise.

The feeling of television gets into Fischl's work in other ways as well. Some pictures seem like painterly renderings of movie stills or X-rated soap opera, less because they portray the suburbs or television sets than because Fischl paints in ways that, while fairly realistic, filter life through the subtle distortions of the camera. His use of perspective, for example, often features an exaggerated foreground that spills forward from the deeper spaces of the picture; much the same process takes place in photographs. His light and color have a slightly manufactured look—what water in a swimming pool is to water in a lake.



DADDY'S GIRL, 1984, COLLECTION OF ROBERT AND DORIS HILLMAN

Fischl's narrative style also evokes the camera. By sometimes using different canvases in a single work, he recalls not the formalist razzle-dazzle of recent years but the frames of a film. (Max Bechmann's mythic narratives are also an important source.) His wide-ranging use of art history—Manet, Homer, and Bechmann are particular inspirations—occasionally has a show-biz aura. "The Old Man's Boat and the Old Man's Dog" updates a famous Winslow Homer composition by adding a feeling of sexual menace to the traditional threats of weather and sea. In like fashion, a knowing movie director might add some contemporary fizz to a tried-and-true formula recognized by everyone.

Particularly contemporary in its "feel" is Fischl's way with slickness. He is always playing the edge between facile and serious. He paints fast and wet and showy, and his arrangement of shapes is often dramatic. At the same time, his brushy facility verges on the skillful slapdash of the commercial illustrator, and his compositions border on the flashy. Sometimes he lapses into outright clumsiness. The dog in "Master Bedroom" is skillfully rendered; the animals in "Dog Days" are painted as if by number.

Some patio scenes recall Bay Area figurative painting—but without, for example, the formal questioning so apparent in Diebenkorn's figurative work. Nowhere in Fischl is there anything like Diebenkorn's struggle to temper facility with consideration or to invest composition with as much significance as surprise. Oddly enough, the slick or sketchy patches may enhance Fischl's effect. They add a note of the spiritually lax, of video triviality, thereby evoking the ordinariness that so often masks the monster in modern life.

Before judging Fischl's work, two questions must be put. The first is whether, subject matter aside, the paintings are formally strong enough. The answer, I think, is mixed. Critics of the future may be less interested in the paradoxical strengths of Fischl's flashiness. At the same time, he's young and getting better. His technique is improving; the recent paintings work much better than the uncertain efforts of the early 1980s. He seems to rely less on sexual titillation, and shows every sign of falling in love with painting itself.

The second question concerns the moral stature of Fischl's painting—an issue the art itself insists upon. Fischl has said he wants to take the wraps off our common, if hidden, feelings and thereby reassure us. There's nothing remiss in that—in evoking the excitement of the voyeur, the ambiguity of incest, or the violence just beyond pleasure. What's missing in Fischl's work is moral proportion. He is more interested in the excitement of the voyeur than in the horror of the incest. He seduces the viewer,

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through tasty brushwork, into a kind of complicity with this pleasure. We cannot help wondering, enjoyably wondering, what story lies behind the ambiguous actions presented for our delectation. Were the subject a provocative nude, yielding to such pleasures would be fitting. If the subject is incest, thrills and chills seem inadequate—too simple, too indulgent.

The English painters Francis Bacon and Lucien Freud offer an instructive contrast. Both make shocking paintings, despite the difficulty of doing so today, because neither stands back from big subjects. Bacon has a flashy bravura style with the brush. He renders horror absolutely gorgeous. But he does so, one senses, from within his subject; he finds no safety in distance. As a result, his intimate marriage between beauty and beast is truly terrifying. And Lucien Freud has painted a famous picture of a naked man playing with a rat that is so lacking in easy titillations—even those of self-conscious coldness—that his very strictness, in the face of such a subject, has a shocking truthfulness. What disappoints in Fischl, what lessens his work, is that he does *not* shock.

THE LIMITS OF PATIENCE

The Logic of Deterrence
by Anthony Kenny

(University of Chicago Press, 103 pp., $6.95 paper)

Nuclear Ethics
by Joseph S. Nye Jr.

(The Free Press, 162 pp., $14.95)

The Nuclear Debate: Deterrence and the Lapse of Faith
by Robert W. Tucker

(Holmes & Meier, 132 pp., $24.50, $9.95 paper)

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For Anthony Kenny, the master of Balliol College, Oxford, and a respected philosopher, the existing deterrent policies of both East and West are "murderous, dangerous and extravagant" and must be abandoned; he does accept the need for some caution, however, when it comes to disarmament. The other two authors are prepared to sustain deterrence, but with conditions. Robert Tucker, professor of international law and diplomacy at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, though himself a confident believer in the validity of deterrence, recognizes the need to restore the lapsed faith of the elite and the population. Joseph Nye, a former senior State Department official and now director of Harvard's Center of Science and International Affairs, has less confidence in deterrence, and thus seeks to establish the conditions under which we can justly continue to pursue this policy. These three examples of practical moral reasoning by serious and intelligent men from different backgrounds and intellectual traditions present a useful occasion, then, to identify some of the elements of

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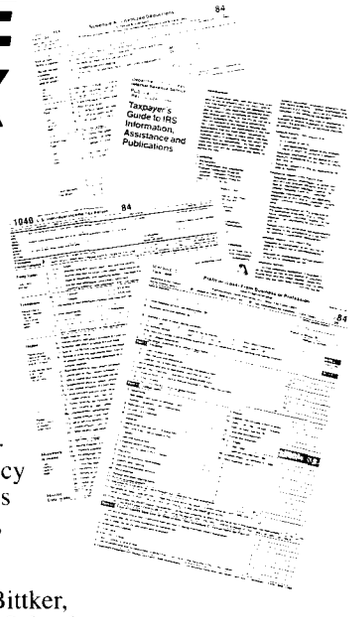

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a possible consensus on how the nuclear issue might be handled in the future—and to identify some of the limitations of the present debate.

All agree that the starting point for the nuclear debate is the centuries-old "Just War" tradition. Kenny upholds this tradition. Tucker is impatient with it, though he recognizes its influence. Nye wishes to adapt it to contemporary circumstances. The tradition is clearly summarized by Kenny:

> War, then, must be waged in order to right a specific wrong: that is what gives one the right to go to war, the *ius ad bellum*. One has this right only if war is taken up as a last resort, when other measures of redressing the grievance or preventing aggression have failed. There must be good hope of victory: if there is not, the wrong which occasioned the war will not be righted thereby. The good to be obtained by the righting of the wrong must outweigh the harm which will be done by the choice of war as a means. Again, the harm done in war-making shall be no more than is necessary for achieving the legitimate goals of the war. Finally, if a war is to be just, one must not only have *ius ad bellum*, but observe *ius in bello*: that is to say, the rules of war must be observed in the combat itself.

These rules are also concerned with discrimination and proportionality. In particular they forbid "killing the innocent."

There is no doubt that nuclear war is wholly incompatible with these principles. It would be indiscriminate and disproportionate, and in all probability it would fail to produce a good victory—indeed, any victory at all. Nuclear war would be a greater evil than any evil now perpetrated by the enemy, or any evil the enemy is likely to perpetrate should he win a war. In both inflicting genocide and inviting genocide, it would destroy all the good that it has hoped to preserve. The just war tradition forbids us to wage a war without limits. A nuclear war would be precisely such a war; we should not, therefore, be prepared to fight one.

There are a number of responses to this argument. One is to assert that limits can be established on the effects of nuclear weapons, limits sufficient for the weapons to be employed as a means of countering a fundamental challenge to our way of life. Some would go further and argue that even if establishing limits to nuclear war were impossible, still there could be nothing worse than domination by atheistic communism—"better dead than red." Surprisingly few supporters of deterrence actually base their

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support on either of these propositions. They accept that, should the choice actually be phrased in such a way (the two are by no means exclusive), it would be better, for themselves and for their country, to be red than dead. With life there is at least the possibility of resistance, and the hope that the loss of independence and the defeat of values will prove temporary.

Yet finally the question need not be addressed. An article of faith in deterrence is that it remains the best available means of avoiding ever having to decide between red or dead. And this confidence arises precisely because it is so difficult to establish limits on nuclear war. As a result, nuclear weapons are unfit instruments of aggression. Those who assert the possibility of nuclear limits in the name of deterrence have failed to recognize the dependence of deterrence on the absence of limits.

THE evidence that nobody is prepared to fight such an unlimited war, moreover, is that we have had 40 years without one, despite times of great tension. This is powerful (though essentially negative) proof in support of the efficacy of deterrence. It has been sufficient for deterrence to acquire the mantle of success. No harm has been done, and much greater harm may have been prevented. It seems a strange sort of morality that would have us abandon deterrence and risk a real evil, especially as it is by no means clear that we can ever truly rid ourselves of nuclear weapons. The knowledge of how to construct them, after all, is with us forever.

Those opposed to deterrence who wish to say something more than "to threaten evil is in itself evil" are often prepared to argue consequences as well as virtue. They point out that there can be no guarantee that past success in avoiding a catastrophic breakdown in deterrence will be repeated forevermore. Arguing along these lines, Kenny maintains that the practice of nuclear deterrence cannot be dissociated from the conduct of nuclear war. To abandon the practice of deterrence will not be easy, he recognizes. There is no need for precipitate unilateral disarmament, but we should be moving decisively and unequivocally away from nuclear dependence.

But not all those working within the just war tradition accept that nuclear deterrence is irredeemably tainted by its unavoidable link with nuclear war. The

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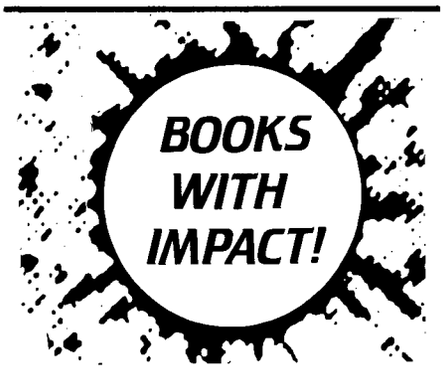

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American Catholic bishops argued, in their 1983 Pastoral Letter, that nuclear war would be utterly wicked, but the deterrence of it by means of the possession of nuclear weapons may be tolerable, even though this possession involves preparation for use and implies a willingness to use. Their view is hardly robust morally, though it might make sense politically. An alternative is the French Catholic bishops' idea of an "ethic of distress," by which one might suspend normal moral judgment because of the exigencies of a dire situation. But this, too, is not much help, unless we assume that from now to eternity we can claim such a dispensation due to moral emergency.

Tucker guides us, with an elegant and pointed commentary, through the various ingenious attempts to "reconcile the irreconcilable." He is clearly not impressed. Deterrence, he concludes, merely allows us to make the best of a bad job. What concerns him, therefore, is the loss of faith in the effectiveness of deterrence, despite the moral untidiness of the idea. He finds such a loss in the recent surge of debate, and he worries that the doubts themselves might undermine the practice of deterrence and so become self-fulfilling. His interest is in evaluating the alternative means by which there could be a restoration of faith. Nye, finally, is also unwilling to jettison the benefits of deterrence, but he is unprepared to offer unconditional support. Rather than getting trapped by the dilemma that results from posing adherence to the just war tradition against the benefits of deterrence, he attempts to adapt to the new circumstances by developing criteria of just deterrence.

Thus all these authors accept that *something* must be done about deterrence. This is itself a noteworthy change from the 1950s and 1960s, when deterrence commanded greater political and military support and was promoted with confidence and vigor. In the strategic studies community, as well as in the political and theological establishments, a degree of disillusionment with deterrence is apparent, illustrated by the growing interest in conventional defense and the increasing discomfort within NATO about the reliance on threats to use nuclear weapons first. Although some elements of the Reagan administration's policies are clearly intended to inject some added credibility into deterrence, its most notorious program is symptomatic of, and indeed pushes further, the sense of disillusionment; and although unimpressed with the Strategic Defense Initiative, Kenny himself invokes President Reagan's rationale:

> Isn't it worth researching to see if there isn't some weapon that is more humane and moral than saying that the only defense we have in the nuclear age is that if they kill tens of millions of our people we'll kill tens of millions of theirs?

None of the authors shares the president's confidence in his preferred alternative. Even Kenny is unsure as to how far one can actually go to escape from nuclear dependence. He wants to see complete nuclear disarmament, but he accepts that some weapons will need to be retained as "bargaining chips" if disarmament is to be achieved on a truly multilateral basis. While these weapons are held, however, a firm and uncompromising policy of no-use and no-preparations-for-use must be enforced. This transitional stage may involve what McGeorge Bundy has labeled "existential" deterrence: even without definite plans to use nuclear weapons, there is some chance, by virtue of the weapons' very existence, that they would be used, and that chance would exercise a deterring influence on great power behavior. This is a compelling idea. It may be a reasonable description of how deterrence actually works—as a warning of what could happen under irrational conditions, rather than as a deliberate but fundamentally irrational threat.

TO SOME extent it lets off the hook those who inherited responsibility for the management of the nuclear arsenals, but were in no way responsible for their creation. But current policymakers still face moral dilemmas. They may support deterrence; but if deterrence can take a variety of forms, they must still choose between them. This may be true even for Kenny. He makes a case for existential deterrence at least as a transitional stage, but he does not confront the possibility that it might simply be beyond human agency to eliminate nuclear weapons. We might have to live, therefore, with the costs of a failed escape, rather than with the benefits of a true escape. We might have created circumstances in which nuclear weapons will be propelled into an even more prominent and unsettling role even if they are reduced in overall numbers. There remains, in short, a series of strategic questions on the nature of international rela-

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tions, and the means by which the East-West conflict could move toward a final showdown.

Kenny discusses these questions in somewhat conventional terms. It is Tucker's and Nye's strength that they are more confident in their attempts to recast the strategic problem in the context of a realist view of international relations. Tucker is skeptical about the moral legitimacy of nuclear deterrence, but he believes that it is impossible to escape from it through either technology (such as SDI) or politics. By politics he means withdrawal from the commitments made by the United States to deter on behalf of allies. Since Tucker believes that it is the growth in Soviet power that has called into question the wisdom of deterrence, and also that it is no longer possible to regain a real superiority, his conclusion is to come to terms with Soviet power, not through withdrawal but through a form of détente. And given the complications involved in any attempt to sort out superpower relations in the Third World, arms control is the preferred means for achieving détente, especially since this could also serve as a means of reducing the risk of accidental nuclear war and enhancing crisis stability. Tucker is not arguing that his prescriptions will transcend deterrence, only that they will render it more acceptable by protecting it from an excessive strain.

NYE IS more ambitious in developing his own maxims for just deterrence. These are: (1) self-defense is a limited but just cause; (2) never treat nuclear weapons as normal weapons; (3) minimize harm to innocent people; (4) reduce risks of war in the near term; (5) reduce reliance on nuclear weapons over time. This is, in fact, a reasonable summation of trends in many people's thinking. As a former policymaker, Nye never loses his grasp of political reality. He has sensible ideas on how to live up to all these maxims.

The most interesting, in its departure from past liberal thinking in this area, is maxim number three. The classical argument, after all, has been that deterrence works through the threat posed to whole societies; targeting plans that avoid cities, or drastic measures of disarmament, may mean that the threat to the adversary's society is no longer sufficiently "assured" to sustain deterrence. In recent years confidence has grown in the ability to minimize the "collateral damage" that

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results from nuclear detonations, and to hit specific targets with impressive accuracy. But the news may not be all good. Targeting only military facilities might be perceived as an attempt to escape from the constraints of the other side's deterrent by executing a first strike, or it might reflect a misguided hope that the full consequences of nuclear war can be avoided by employing nuclear weapons as if they were conventional weapons.

Nye argues that this danger can be addressed by other measures designed to ensure that a first strike is not a serious option, and by the strict observance of maxim number two. Still, one is left with the thought that in the crunch one could use nuclear weapons as if they represented a war-winning capability only so long as one was absolutely clear that they did not. It may well be that it is prudent to devise a series of targeting options for policymakers that allow them alternatives to a simple triggering of the apocalypse—particularly if everybody remains aware that the apocalypse might nonetheless be triggered should these limited options be exercised. This line of argument seems to accept that the morality of nuclear deterrence must depend to some extent on having something morally acceptable to do should deterrence fail. But I'm not sure that it can.

THIS BRINGS us to the question of what these three excellent books teach about the limits of the current debate. They fail, I would argue, to do two things. First, while they address admirably the intellectual quality of the various contributions to the debate, they do not address the question of how policymakers should comport themselves in the nuclear age. Tucker and Nye both touch on this issue without confronting it directly. How, for example, should the nuclear issue be handled in a democracy? On the one hand, hawks and doves alike have generated much fear and despondency over the past few years, and have distorted the risks of catastrophe. On the other, a number of illusions have been peddled, involving the elimination of nuclear weapons by one means or another, that give false hope of escaping from the level of risk that we must steadfastly face.

Second, the moral choices discussed in these books are circumscribed by contemporary strategic conditions. We are not challenged to confront the moral choices that might be posed in different strategic conditions, except on the occasion when the deterrent threat might need to be implemented. But long before that terrible moment, some tremendously difficult decisions would have to be made about the handling of crises, about the conduct of conventional war, even about conventional deterrence. There is always a danger in any discussion of the ethics of nuclear deterrence that the ethics of conventional defense are rendered refreshingly simple by comparison. But decisions about conventional weapons will not be so simple, both because of their own immensely destructive qualities and because of their commonly accepted relationship to nuclear weapons. When Kenny says that he would sanction an effective and non-provocative defense, for example, one wants to know the consequences for his theory if such a defense cannot be found, or if there are awkward trade-offs to be made between effectiveness and non-provocation. If it is the case that we must now reduce, if not remove, our dependence on nuclear weapons, we need to start thinking harder about what exactly we intend to do with conventional weapons. The nuclear question may not be the hardest question we face.

LAWRENCE FREEDMAN

Lawrence Freedman is professor of war studies at King's College, London.

YUPPIE TIME, IN RHYME

The Golden Gate
by Vikram Seth

(Random House, 320 pp., $17.95)

At the beginning of the fifth chapter of this glittering novel, its author remarks, in what would constitute an unwarranted authorial intrusion in most other narratives:

> A week ago, when I had finished
> Writing the chapter you've just read
> And with avidity undiminished
> Was charting out the course ahead,
> An editor—at a plush party
> (Well-wined, -provisioned, speechy, hearty)
> Hosted by (long live!) Thomas Cook
> Where my Tibetan travel book
> Was honored—seized my arm: "Dear fellow,
> What's your next work?" "A novel . . ."
> "Great!
> We hope that you, dear Mr. Seth—"
> ". . . In verse," I added. He turned yellow.
> "How marvelously quaint," he said,
> And subsequently cut me dead.

But this brilliantly fashioned tale of life among a number of Bay Area yuppies is never anything less than quaintly, and mostly unqualifiedly, marvelous. It is written entirely in (although, in a deeper sense, "through" and "with") the intricately patterned fourteen-line stanza of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*—down to the dedication, the table of contents, and the autobiographical note. The use of expertly controlled verse to give moral substance and extraordinary wit and plangency to a far from extraordinary tale is an astonishing achievement in its own right.

Seth's post-post-heroic protagonist, John (ex-Berkeley, now Silicon Valley), is launched into introspection—and, indeed, into interestingness—by an appropriate messenger:

> Successful in his field, though only
> Twenty-six, respected, lonely,
> One evening as he walked across
> Golden Gate Park, the ill-judged toss
> Of a red frisbee almost brained him.
> He thought, "If I died, who'd be sad?
> Who'd weep? Who'd gloat? Who would be glad? . . ."

Pushkin's poem starts with his hero complaining to himself of his lot while a post chaise carries him along a dusty road. Here, the subsequent events seem shaped by the character of the red, angelic plaything. John consults with his friend Janet Hayakawa, a sculptor and part-time musician (her group is called "Liquid Sheep") who puts a personals ad in the *Bay Guardian* on his behalf. It is answered unsatisfactorily at first. ("Why describe," asks the narrator, "the louche lubricious/Dreams of a Daly City Dame,/The half-enticing, subtly vi-

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cious / Burblings of Belle from Burlingame, / And then, from Eve of San Francisco, 'Six novel ways of using Crisco' . . .") But finally it yields a letter, leading into the plot and the rest of the novel's characters. These include Elizabeth Dorati, a lawyer from a family of Sonoma County winegrowers; her brother Ed; John's friend Phil Weiss; a host of background figures and family members; and many cats.

The events themselves—meetings, parties, partings, concerts, recognitions, peripeties, deaths—provide the occasions for Seth's verse. And his narrative strategies and control of tonal range proceed to do their remarkable work, giving to his personages and places a depth that they would seem to belie. (Readers may find him visiting the world he has created, on page 78, in the person of one "Kim Tarvesh.") Indeed, the book's major character may be the narration, and its true post-heroic hero its verse. The way in which that verse tells stories is central to the novel's substance.

PUSHKIN'S octosyllabic stanza (well handled, in English, in the elegant translations—pace Nabokov—of Oliver Elton and Charles Johnston) is a complex instrument. Its rhymes group the lines so as to allow many shifts and turns of syntax and arrangements of rhetorical moves: deferring punch lines or bringing them up quickly, framing descriptive set pieces or stringing together rags of talk, allowing rhymed couplets to sum up, or to undercut, a quatrain that has preceded them. The stanza deploys the three possible ways of building quatrains with two rhymes, and leads the reader through these modes. A somewhat crude self-descriptive example might go like this:

> The stanza of Pushkin's *Onegin*
> Unrolls in strict *abab*'s
> Of quatrains (rhyme can be a plague in
> Lines that are quite as short as these);
> Then a mere couplet seems to break
> The quatrains' flow—only to make
> Adjacent couplets we should call
> A form of quatrain after all.
> Then comes the final way to play
> (In the form we remember from
> Tennyson's *In Memoriam*)
> A quatrain on rhymes *b* and *a*,
> Until at Closure's stern commands, a
> Couplet will terminate the stanza.

But in practice, the reader is made aware not of the structure of this intricate framework, but of what is being woven onto it, so that the aphoristic or meditative asides, or the several remarkable occasions on which the character and behavior of cats are pointedly discussed, move effortlessly along, showing none of the skeletons of contrivance. And yet whenever, as a local device, the stanza's operations are momentarily pushed into the foreground, it is in the great old way. A rhyme's brightly calling attention to itself will point out some significant incongruity that may have general import for the story. Thus at one point the author himself asks, "How can I (careless of time) use / The dusty bread molds of Onegin / In the brave bakery of Reagan?" and the moral and aesthetic fall across the two rhyming words defines the book's kind of softly rueful comic space. Seth uses his stanza's frame to catalog the tokens of this bakery's world with a mildly Popean irony:

> John looks about him with enjoyment.
> What a man needs, he thinks, is health;
> Well-paid, congenial employment;
> A house; a modicum of wealth;
> Some sunlight; coffee and the papers;
> Artichoke hearts adorned with capers;
> A Burberry trench coat; a Peugeot;
> And in the evening, some Rameau
> Or Couperin; a home-cooked dinner;
> A Stilton, and a little port;
> And so to a duvet. In short,
> In life's brief game to be a winner
> A man must have . . . oh yes, above
> All else, of course, someone to love.

Or he can cut away at his line groupings with the rhythms of carefully staged conversation. Here Janet, in the first chapter, is telling John that he needs a lover:

> Think of yourself a few years later,
> Possessing, as the years go on,
> Less prepossessing vital data:
> Love handles . . . ("Thanks a lot," says
> John.)
> . . . Receding . . . (John is getting nervous:
> "More rice? I wonder when they'll serve
> us.")
> . . . Hairline . . . ("Funny taste, this tea."
> He sips at it distractedly.)
> . . . Lonely and lost, sans love, sans lover,
> Too much to drink last night . . . (And here
> Jan pauses for a sip of beer)
> . . . Nursing the dregs of your hangover,
> Blubbering into your raisin bran.
> Why not do something while you can?

The author can build, through a splendidly paced series of 20 stanzas, a homiletic oration of a mildly activist priest at an antinuclear demonstration. Or he can shape a descriptive set piece right up to where it bumps against a gentle reminder of the nature of its own sentiment. At

dissent

GEORGE KATEB

on

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a concert, where someone has previously denounced "Schönberg's cerebral clatter," the divorced father, Phil, and his young son absorb a Brahms quartet:

> The lights have dimmed. Now they're returning.
> Throats clear. Brahms' A Minor begins.
> The brisk allegro. Then a yearning
> Warm ductile length of lyric spins
> Its lovely glimmering thread at leisure
> Inveiglingly from measure to measure
> With a continuous tenderness
> So deep it smoothes out all distress,
> All sorrow; ravishing, beguiling . . .
> And on and on till silence comes.
> Paul whispers, "That's the tune Mom hums!" . . .

The narrative distancing that gives an edge to Seth's accounts of his young people oscillates from far to close: his authorial hand can point its finger and, some lines later, caress. It is not only that this writer's ear for rhymed verse is perfect; so is his ear for colloquial discourse, for the inadvertent ironies of commercial product-naming, for the tonalities of callow and sincere self-expression. And so is his almost John O'Hara-like eye and ear for the cultural fact and the revealing detail. But in this case, the elements of such detail are almost magically formed so that their sociological rightness and their rhymed and rhythmic role seem to echo each other.

Throughout this admirable book the sheer delight in technique is a figure for a kind of ultimate intellectual joy taken in attention and discourse itself. So many moments in this book make the reader want to grab someone and read lines aloud to him or her. (I remember in my youth doing this with Thurber, Perelman, Parker.) The narrative's control of pace, of nuance, of discovery, of implication makes the reader trust the worthiness of the objects of its attention. And yet this book was written for readers skeptical by nature of these objects, these slightly more than Neil Simonish people, this range of incident. Its triumph is to set up that irony and overcome the dangers it exhibits.

There are very few masters of rhymed verse writing in America (Wilbur, Hecht, Merrill, Daryl Hine), and very few prototypes (the later parts of *Don Juan*, Clough's *Amours de Voyage*, parts of Hine's *In and Out*, parts of—yes—*Evangeline*) for its sustained rewards to the informed attention. *The Golden Gate* is a charmingly unique sort of minor masterpiece, a tour de force of the transcendence of the mere tour de force. As Wilde's Algernon said of his own bon mot, when asked was it clever, this book is "perfectly phrased, and quite as true as any observation in civilized life should be."

JOHN HOLLANDER

John Hollander is the author most recently of *Powers of Thirteen* (Atheneum).

DAUGHTER'S-EYE VIEW

Collaborators
by Janet Kauffman

(Knopf, 132 pp., $13.95)

When Janet Kauffman published her first book of prose, a short-story collection, it was clear at once that she was not just another of the indistinguishably competent new writers who seemed to be springing up everywhere across the country. *Places in the World a Woman Could Walk*, which came out in 1983, was both deeply felt and bitingly precise. The author's dual professions of farmer and poet gave the stories two gifts: an intimate, gritty sense of life on the land and a skill with language that amounted to alchemy.

Only a couple of stories in that collection seemed less than perfect. One was "My Mother Has Me Surrounded"—a description of a woman on the beach as seen by her small daughter. Ironically, it was the story's authenticity that did it in, at least for me. Every last detail of the mother's appearance, every slant of light on her skin, was described at exhaustive length. Of course, you would expect as much from the worshipful young narrator, but it did make for the kind of slow-moving, self-conscious, super "sensitive" piece that often emerges from a creative writing class.

Now "My Mother Has Me Surrounded" reappears in toto, with almost no alterations, at the start of Janet Kauffman's first novel. What's interesting is that, here, it works. It's inserted after an introductory chapter that's two paragraphs long, and I quote that entire chapter because it so stunningly sets the tone of the novel:

> My mother lied to me about everything. She told me she believed in Hell. She told me she was a pacifist, a good Mennonite, and could never kill, not even in self-defense. She crooned and ranted and cooked up powerful storms of lies that held like uncalled-for weather over my childhood. I wasn't surprised when satellite pictures of Earth showed global swirls of cloud, an enormous confluence of currents—I recognized it, that bauble, the one blue marble she called her Beauty. Why wouldn't a child believe her? She was no fake; she said riddles were doll-baby mathematics.
>
> She told me she taught herself to swim, at a bend in the St. Joseph's Creek, and I believed it. She said that she learned to touch at the muddy bank, go under, and return stroking, fifteen feet one way, fifteen feet back, until her turns were as smooth and sure as the right and left breathing. On the sly she told me, and more than once, that the world had nothing to do with God.

Follow that chapter—savage and swift—with the dreamy, meticulously observed beach scene in "My Mother Has Me Surrounded," and you have something special. A complicated character has been set before us. Well, we knew she was complicated even when chapter two stood alone as a short story. What's been added now is a relationship that's complicated as well—the sinewy, tough, often bitter relationship between the mother and her daughter, Andrea Doria. It's this relationship that gives *Collaborators* its compelling strength.

The plot is simple enough. A child living on a Mennonite farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, follows her mother devotedly, drinking in her outpouring of memories and theories and injunctions. Then one day, when the daughter is 12, the mother suffers a stroke. She works back from it inch by inch, relearning how to speak and walk, and everyone is pleased at her progress except the daughter, who refuses to accept the fact that her mother is not the woman she used to be. In the end, the mother suffers

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another stroke and dies. Simple.

But the mother is so magnificent at the start, so glorious and powerful and outrageous, that the understated and more or less predictable fact of her death comes as a sort of fist-blow to the reader's chest. This is a woman whose favorite topic of conversation with her daughter is a past love affair with three men at once—grandfather, father, and son. When she hears of her daughter's first period, she sits smack in the middle of the kitchen floor and proceeds to tell her about the time she was sexually molested by a passing stranger. When she packs a suitcase, she packs long black Mennonite dresses and a red swimsuit. She packs gauze prayer caps and a box of tampons. She is feisty and irreverent, she has a personal bone to pick with God, and some of her most casual remarks can take our breath away.

> If all of my loved ones were drowning, she says to me—to the me that is no one—and I had the strength to save one, I'd save Ruth.
>
> You could save two, I say. But I know I am going under.

Picture this woman reduced to ordinariness—talking again, yes, but saying nothing very surprising; walking, but no longer striding or swimming or setting the snow wild with her shovel—and you have some inkling of the effectiveness of *Collaborators*.

But there's more to this book than the mother. There is the daughter, who's a pretty fierce character in her own right. When her mother is incapacitated, Andrea Doria turns "sour," as her family puts it. She takes on a good share of the responsibilities, but she is sullen and resentful. A neighbor points out to her that stroke or no stroke, all mother-daughter relationships eventually have to change. "My mother," the neighbor says, "nearly threw me out of the house when I was fourteen, and this was the same woman who saved me from drowning in Coatesville." Then she asks, "How old are you?" Twelve, the daughter tells her. The neighbor says, "You look fourteen." It's a moment that gives us pause. The mother's stroke becomes more than an arbitrary twist of plot invented by the author. It stands for something inevitable, something that's part of the process of life itself, and therefore all the more moving.

Perhaps it's a sign of the times that mothers are beginning to emerge as epic heroes in fiction. I'm thinking in particular of Jamaica Kincaid's stories, in which the mother is viewed with much the same combination of obsessive adoration and resentment. But in Jamaica Kincaid's work, the mother is all; the daughter is at best a pale imitation. In *Collaborators*, the daughter has it in her to fill the mother's shoes someday, you just know it. That's what makes her story so important, and so painful, and so deeply satisfying.

ANNE TYLER

CRUEL CONTRACTS

The Divorce Revolution: The Unexpected Social and Economic Consequences for Women and Children in America by Lenore J. Weitzman

(The Free Press, 504 pp., $19.95)

Our divorce laws are strongly rooted in English common law, where no such thing as the legal ending of a valid marriage by judicial decree existed until 1857. (Before that, marital dissolution—allowing for one or both partners to remarry during the other's lifetime—could be granted only by a special act of Parliament, and solely on the grounds of adultery.) In the years after that first divorce, a legal code developed that strongly supported the traditional, patriarchal notions of wifely and husbandly behavior: the husband was supposed to bring home the bacon, and the wife was to devote herself to cooking it—to caring for him and the family they created together. In order for a divorce to be grant-

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ed, it had to be demonstrated that the marital bargain between the dependent female and the male provider had been violated in some fundamental way.

Either the woman had failed to perform her housewifely duties, or the man had failed to support her financially—or one of them had been sexually disloyal. In America, as in England, the divorce laws of the various states were based on the concept of "fault," or moral wrongdoing. To establish grounds for a divorce, it had to be demonstrated that one partner had transgressed very seriously against the other. Witnesses and evidence of adultery, cruelty, or desertion had to be provided to the court.

A couple could not simply end their marriage by mutual consent. To satisfy the demands of the legal system, a victim and a perpetrator were required. The innocent party was, moreover, often rewarded economically, while the guilty wrongdoer was punished. The creation of adversaries, in order to meet the needs of the law, produced a climate of anger, outrage, and bitterness. Each mate struggled to become the object of judicial compassion—to be seen as the morally justified victim, entitled to most of the marital assets.

But by the late 1960s, given a climate of sexual revolution and fundamental changes in the roles and aspirations of women, the fault-based system had become increasingly cumbersome and problematic. Legally, nevertheless, the old game had to be played. "The court required evidence to prove that one party had sufficient grounds for divorce," writes Lenore J. Weitzman, a sociologist who teaches at Stanford University, "and that evidence typically had to be corroborated by witnesses ... in many cases, the evidence had to be 'manufactured' to satisfy the court's requirements."

Getting divorced frequently demanded participation in an ugly and demeaning charade. When, as was often the case, a couple had to continue some form of collaboration in caring for their children after the divorce, the ordeal could have drawn-out, destructive effects on the entire family. Thus it was in a spirit of reform that the first no-fault divorce legislation was put into effect. The California statute, instituted in 1970, launched the "divorce revolution" described in Weitzman's rich and fascinating book.

THE no-fault system abolished the need to demonstrate any moral wrongdoing on the part of either of the spouses. It rendered questions of who had done what to whom legally irrelevant, and shifted attention to the just division of the partners' marital assets and properties. Welcomed as an overdue recognition of current social realities—the complementary roles of breadwinner and homemaker were no longer so rigidly defined—it was eventually adopted, in one form or another, by almost every other state in the nation.

This has not served, according to Weitzman, the economic and emotional interests of women and children—who are, in her view, the divorce revolution's real (albeit unintended) victims. In a ten-year study—which has included reviews of 2,500 court records, extensive interviews with family law judges, matrimonial attorneys, and with recently divorced men and women—she has found that the no-fault system operates in such a way as to punish women financially for time spent as mothers and homemakers and to reward men for leaving their wives and their families behind them.

Weitzman's data indicate that ex-husbands have considerably more money to spend on themselves (to the tune

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of 42 percent), while their former wives and dependent offspring suffer a devastating financial reversal. They are, in general, about 73 percent poorer than they were during the marriage. This disparity reflects a basic assumption of the no-fault divorce statute, which is that a wife is as capable of supporting herself as is her mate. Should the husband of a long-married homemaker decide to leave her because "irreconcilable differences have caused the irremediable breakdown of the marriage," she will usually be expected to go out and find employment—even if she has no skills and has not worked more than a few months during the past 25 years.

The wife, moreover, has no means of preventing her spouse from unilaterally terminating their relationship. California's no-fault, no-consent legislation makes it possible for one partner to leave the marriage whether or not the other partner agrees. Being married has become less a long-term commitment than a voluntary association—rather like membership in a club. All that must be anted up in order to end the marriage is half of the communal property. Then the marital door is wide open.

Under California law, men and women are treated "equally" in divorce, and their assets are divided down the middle. Often this means slicing down the middle of the family home—where the mother and her dependent children live. Because the house is frequently a couple's major asset, the husband is permitted to "cash out" his equity in it—even though his family probably won't be able to find comparable quarters at a reasonable rent and is already feeling traumatized by the marital breakup.

IN 1968, as Weitzman's data demonstrate, the number of cases in which there was an explicit judicial order to sell the house was about one in ten. In 1977—after the no-fault legislation had gone into effect—the frequency of court-ordered sales of the family home had risen to about one in three. At the same time, she reports, the number of alimony awards had decreased substantially, for in the new no-fault divorce system, a woman's ability to support herself is considered roughly equal to that of her mate. This judicial assumption is frequently made even when the wife is unemployed at the time of divorce and is the mother of preschool children. "Alimony awards to mothers of children under six have dropped more than for any other group under the new law," Weitzman reports. "By 1978, only 13 percent of them were awarded spousal support."

While child-support awards do continue to be granted, they are typically not large enough to cover the costs of child care—and they are notoriously difficult to collect. More than half (53 percent) of the millions of mothers who are owed child-support payments do not receive *anything* from their ex-husbands—even when the men are making substantial sums of money. And when their ex-spouses fall into arrears, women often have no effective way to obtain the court-ordered support. They must resort to welfare or food-stamp assistance. Noncompliance with child-support orders are so common, Weitzman observes, that "it has reached the level of a national scandal." Divorced women and their children are, in Weitzman's view, a new underclass that has been created by the revolution in our thinking about divorce. They are the "new poor" of a nation in which poverty has become an increasingly female problem.

The no-fault model is, when one thinks about it, designed for a world in which men and women truly *are* equals in the marketplace—in which the professional skills and career paths of marital partners are similar in most important respects. This is the feminist ideal—one in which the sexes are socially and economically identical—but it is an ideal that does not always accord with reality. For although many marriages of true economic equality do exist, it is often true that wives give considerable precedence to raising a family and supporting their husbands' occupational ambitions. To the extent that they specialize within the marriage in this way, they become vulnerable to the terrible economic disenfranchisement that Weitzman describes in this disturbing and important book.

MAGGIE SCARF

HOW THE WORLD TURNS

Revolution in Science
by I. Bernard Cohen

(Harvard University Press/Belknap, 704 pp., $25)

The idea of a scientific revolution evokes the image of an intellectual storming of the Bastille. Little could be more dramatic in the history of thought than *the* scientific revolution of the 16th and 17th centuries. For almost 250 years historians and philosophers have been unraveling the course and the sources of that revolution. Even now few problems present so important a challenge to interdisciplinary study: 17th-century natural philosophers overturned deeply rooted assumptions about human anatomy, mathematics, physics, astronomy, and cosmology. They drew on religion, magic, art, crafts, Greek and Arabic science. They established scientific societies and built new instruments. The results of their work had repercussions in philosophy, poetry—even politics.

After World War II, when the history of science began to develop as a discipline, the scientific revolution served as its core problem. I. Bernard Cohen participated in the establishment of the discipline, and his particular interest in the scientific revolution of the 17th century, especially in Newtonian physics, dates from those postwar years. Since then he has written books on Franklin and Newton, on the Newtonian revolution, as well as articles on subjects ranging from art and science to Darwin and the history of computers. His new book, *Revolution in Science*, addresses many of these themes in a wide-ranging investigation of the very idea of a scientific revolution.

The centrality of the idea of revolution in the modern history and philosophy of science is owed in large part to Thomas S. Kuhn's *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*. That work widened interest in rapid scientific change from the history of *the* scientific revolution—the one carried out by Copernicus, Descartes, Galileo, Kepler, Harvey, and Newton—to scientific revolutions in general. The three-part Kuhnian schema for revolutionary change carried weight because it was both simple

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and broadly applicable. First, Kuhn argued, a discipline becomes scientific with the establishment of a paradigm, of recognized solutions to old problems that a scientific community acknowledges as exemplars to aid in the solution of new problems. Then problems occasionally arise that appear to be soluble using established methods, yet prove to be unexpectedly recalcitrant. At first the community ascribes these stubborn puzzles to the scientists' failure of imagination or skill, but these anomalies eventually threaten the very foundation of received knowledge. Finally scientists eliminate the anomalies by radically reformulating their previously shared assumptions. That recognition, and the establishment of a new paradigm, constitutes a scientific revolution.

Kuhn's sketch of a dynamics of scientific revolution raised issues that are still being debated. Historians ask whether the scheme applies to different branches of science. Is it more appropriate to the physical than to the life sciences? Are the great ruptures in scientific ideas reflected in the social dynamics of scientific communities? Philosophers have been intrigued by other questions—for example, whether and how the fundamental meaning of scientific terms such as "mass," "energy," and "time" changes during a revolution.

Cohen's concerns about scientific revolutions are historical, not philosophical. With Kuhn, Cohen lays great stress on the importance of attending not just to ideas, but to the way they are treated by communities of working scientists. But where Kuhn is primarily interested in the process by which the leading investigators are led to give up earlier beliefs, Cohen offers a taxonomy of the stages of the reception of ideas, once they occur. Thus Cohen's account of a revolution begins when the scientist first devises a radical solution to a problem (Cohen calls this stage the "revolution-in-itself") and then privately records his or her results and comes to have faith in them (the "revolution of commitment"). When the results are eventually published or otherwise made public, they can constitute a "revolution on paper." But only when the community accepts the new way of viewing nature can the work be considered a "revolution in science." A putative revolution can fail at any one of these points, and the wide range of Cohen's examples gives instances of such partial revolutions.

Revolution in Science can be read as two interwoven stories—almost as two books. In the first, Cohen uses his four-part taxonomy to guide the reader through many of the most interesting episodes in the history of science. One encounters not only the astronomical revolution of the 17th century, but also Freudian psychoanalysis, the earth science revolution in plate tectonics, the Maxwell-Hertz reformulation of electromagnetism, and Darwin's theory of evolution. Taking seriously the role of the community's acceptance of a theory, Cohen arrives at verdicts that will at first appear startling to many readers, as when he declares that "... the idea that a Copernican revolution in science occurred goes counter to the evidence ... and is an invention of later historians."

By this Cohen means that, following recent historical scholarship, it is clear that Copernicus left the bulk of positional astronomy's day-to-day procedures intact. Contrary to the science textbook version of the Copernican upheaval, Copernicus did not eliminate the famous "epicycles upon epicycles." In fact he needed roughly as many circles, and deployed them in at least as complicated a pattern as Ptolemy and his followers. For over 60 years after the 1543 publication of Copernicus's magnum opus, *On the Revolutions of the Celestial Spheres*, it was read as a useful text in mathematical astronomy, filled with significant contributions to the analysis of astronomical data and to the determination of interplanetary distances. Though Copernicus fully intended his description of the earth's motion to be realistic and not hypothetical, for decades his text was *not* read as a cosmic displacement of man from the center of the universe. That occurred only later, after the acknowledged revolution of Kepler, Galileo, and Newton.

Throughout the book Cohen's erudition yields surprising insights into the history of the idea of revolution. To choose but one: virtually any secondary source on Kant that you pull off the library shelf refers to Kant's discussion of his own "Copernican Revolution of Philosophy" in his *Critique of Pure Reason*. Cohen, alerted by his historical work to the rarity of references to a "Copernican revolution" in the 18th century, shows that Kant never claimed that his *Critique* constituted such a change; this whole idea was made up later by commentators. Impressively, Cohen's survey of revolutions in science is sufficiently broad to embrace social as well as natural science. In his wide-ranging investigations, Cohen finds some revolutions that he considers wholly self-contained, as in the 1950s and 1960s when paleomagnetic evidence from the ocean floor persuaded an often resistant geology community that giant crustal plates were emerging from mid-ocean ridges, spreading outward and dragging continents along with them. Cohen believes, too, that Sigmund Freud achieved a "complete" revolution. His *Interpretation of Dreams* was the "revolution on paper" and his insights became a "revolution in science" around 1911, following the first International Psycho-Analytical Congress (1908), the dedication of a journal, and the establishment of regular meetings commencing with the Nuremberg Second Psycho-Analytical Congress.

Revolution in Science is well organized to accomplish the goals of what I would call Cohen's "first book," a work that invites the reader to refer separately to chapters on particular revolutions. Each section is brief and makes good use of modern scholarship. Still, the originality

MUNICH

Here Hitler had his first success, disguised
as failure. No plaque commemorates the *putsch*
or marks the hall where Chamberlain bought peace.
Broad avenues and gazing monuments
devoted to the Wittelsbachs and feats
of old Bavarian arms command perspectives
lined with frolicsome facades that mask
riots of silvered rococo within.

The bombs fell lightly here; a burnt-out church
alone eludes the grasp of restoration.
The beer halls smile, the traffic purrs, the young
look innocent as sleepy animals.
The vegetables are stacked like giant jewels
in markets far removed from earth and blood.

JOHN UPDIKE

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of Cohen's work lies elsewhere, in a second "book" about the history of the idea of a scientific revolution. When did it arise? What were its connections to *political* revolutions? Unfortunately this other story is sometimes obscured; it is told in passages dispersed among the particular case studies of revolutions, and in the numerous "supplements" that follow the text.

Cohen traces the notion of a "revolution" back to the revolution of a wheel, which designated a cyclical sequence of events. The word itself has its origins in late Latin, "as a substantive deriving from the verb 're-volvere' as 'to roll back' and hence also 'to unroll,' . . . 'to return,' 'to recur.' " Though the Greeks of classical antiquity had no single term equivalent to "revolution," the idea of cyclic political change was widespread. Polybius, modifying Plato's formula, traced the transformation of governments from kingship to tyranny to aristocracy to oligarchy to democracy to mob rule, and finally to the start of a new cycle with kingship. Beginning in the Latin Middle Ages, scholars used the antecedents of "revolution" as a technical term in geometry, astronomy, and astrology, as in the revolution of the stars, moon, planets, and sun. Its widespread astronomical and astrological employment enabled Renaissance and 16th-century authors to exploit the term metaphorically to designate any kind of cyclical occurrence, whether of thoughts, of civilizations, or of the stages of human life.

As Cohen argues, the idea of a political revolution gradually lost its oscillatory denotation. Instead the notion of an "overturning," in which a previous state of affairs was banished and not reestablished, gained currency. The new meaning of revolution was largely forged in England in the late 17th and early 18th centuries, as commentators began to reflect on the events that had culminated in the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688, in which James II abdicated the throne and William and Mary ascended to it. Though the succession proceeded without violence, the new power of Parliament, as exemplified by William and Mary's acceptance of the Parliament's Declaration of Right, struck many contemporary observers as both profound and positive. These events were quickly dubbed revolutionary. While writers sporadically used the older, cyclical sense of the term throughout the mid-1700s, they increasingly associated "revolution" with a progressive and singularly important turn of events. In their monumental encyclopedia, Diderot and d'Alembert defined "*révolution*" in politics as a "considerable change in the government of a state."

Generalizing from the progressive connotation of political revolution, by the early 18th century scientists and commentators on science began choosing "revolutions" to designate particularly significant and noncyclical events in science as well as in politics. Thus by the 1740s an author could portray Newton's physics as the "epoch of a great revolution. . . ." Cohen aptly draws a parallel between the *Principia Mathematica*, Newton's masterwork of 1687, and the Glorious Revolution of 1688. In their separate domains, both were the first events described as revolutions. With the American and French revolutions of the latter 18th century and Lavoisier's chemical revolution (with the discovery of oxygen) of the same period, the idea of revolution as a decisive break caught on in earnest. By 1800 historians commonly spoke in terms of the Copernican and Newtonian revolutions.

More recently historians of political revolutions have placed the idea of revolution under closer scrutiny, identifying continuities in social, institutional, and cultural life that remain unbroken across changes in government. Similarly, more complex and more interesting histories of scientific revolutions are emerging in the history of science, where studies of institutions and technical skills have begun to reveal unexpected continuities—and discontinuities—with the past.

Whenever a concept or practice is discussed historically, a kind of subversion takes place; we are less able to view the old ways of thinking or doing as permanent fixtures of the world. So it is with revolutions. Cohen's description of the post hoc creation of the Copernican revolution in the 18th and 19th centuries forces us to reconsider how many events in science acquired their importance long after their occurrence. Just as the Newtonian dynamics made Copernicus's realistic interpretation of the earth's motion revolutionary, so will other future developments cause us to re-parse the events and periods that we now designate as revolutionary. We have accustomed ourselves to viewing revolutions in science as played out in the realm of commitments to entities and theories. For the 20th century, we think of the revolutions in quantum mechanics and relativity. But other changes are taking place in science without real parallels in earlier times. These great shifts include the tightening bond between science and the military; the increasing reliance of physics, medicine, and astronomy on the computer for calculating, imaging, and planning; and the establishment of very large research teams.

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Cohen's history of the idea of a scientific revolution makes it clear that the meaning of this idea has changed. Perhaps we have not yet taken this lesson to heart. The history and philosophy of science still has not quite given up the search for a universal pattern of scientific revolutions, modeled in accord with a science in which change could be associated with the revelation of a small group of individuals and its progressive reception in a wider community.

Such a picture of science may well prove inadequate to the task of describing science on the massive scale that will become, in certain fields, the norm. Outside Geneva, at the European Organization for Nuclear Research, particle physicists are now planning experiments that will include over 300 experimenters and cost hundreds of millions of dollars—a far cry from Isaac Newton's arranging prisms on his workbench. By assuming that scientific work is created and assimilated in essentially the same way it always was, we may have inadvertently revived the search for a life cycle of theories, and therefore resurrected the hunt for a revolution in the pre-17th-century sense. Such an aspiration may prove to be as illusory as the universal cycle of governments sought by the ancient Greeks.

PETER GALISON

Peter Galison is an associate professor in the departments of philosophy and physics at Stanford University.

BRIEF REVIEW

Summer
by Lisa Grunwald

(Knopf, 212 pp., $15.95)

This novel recounts, in a day-by-day, journal-like form, the events of one summer as told by Jennifer Burke, an 18-year-old college freshman. The second daughter of Milo Burke, a renowned sculptor, and his wife, Lulu, who used to paint, Jennifer herself is a promising photographer (she's already published a book of her pictures) and her sister Hillary is an actress. Not only is this family artistically inclined, but it possesses a sort of aesthetic, self-contained unity. "The pieces of us simply fit," is the way Jennifer puts it. Her parents, she explains, never really had friends, only acquaintances, as if any stranger to the family would, like a stray mark on a canvas, disturb the composition.

Grunwald's cleanly written book is filled, in fact, with painterly observations, as Jennifer surveys the world with an eye toward possible subjects, noting geometric arrangements and the effects of light. She looks at their summer island retreat off Cape Cod and sees "only the shore . . . lighted by soft squares." "I still see in blocks of color," she says, explaining that a kite in a store window looks just scraped off a color chart. But this way of observing life is more than a manner: Jennifer and her entire family feel that "life was somehow waiting for us to shape it." The Burkes do not live life so much as create it—which leaves them, perhaps paradoxically, very unprepared for its destruction.

This summer is different from all earlier ones because Lulu, "the unshakable center of our lives," is dying of cancer. The days pass, the family tries to live as it always has, Jennifer falls in love, and Lulu grows sicker. Jennifer, whose most distinct observations of her parents are phrased in unemotional, visual terms—"the lights made a line between them, like a rope with bright white buoys"—is the least ready to acknowledge the disintegration of her family. Her refusal to accept her mother's death seems an attempt to maintain her family's symmetry.

If life is "waiting for us to shape it," as Jennifer has said, then she must maintain the continuity of her parents' lives. Since they have always lived together, they must die together. Early in the book Grunwald introduces a shocking turn in the plot: Jennifer plans to sabotage her father's plane, and thus kill both her parents at once. After removing the bolts on the plane's wings, Jennifer imagines, "I'd walk back to the blue beach with the stucco paint, and I would feel very brave and certain, and I would wait while the plane took off, and Daddy would never have to be alone and I would never see them again."

This Jennifer, with her deranged scheme to control her family's dissolution, sounds confused to the point of madness. But such a dark obsession seems out of place in this modest novel, with its far from brave or certain young narrator. Lisa Grunwald fails in her attempt to create an ominous undercurrent to Jennifer's love while still portraying her as a sweet, inexperienced girl who learns in the course of the summer how to live without her mother's guidance. The mixture is uneasy from the start. Jennifer is too convincing as the girl next door to be believable as a secret plotter of patricide.

IVAN KREILKAMP

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

in 1985 Rostenkowski became the tax-reform hero for his leadership in crafting and passing through the House the Tax Reform Act of 1985, the most monumental tax-reform bill in history.

Of course, the above history leaves out 1981, the year of President Reagan's sadly misnamed "Economic Recovery Tax Act," which produced a plethora of loopholes. Clearly, Rostenkowski's role in 1981 was not a glorious one.

As the newly instated chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, Rostenkowski did indeed participate in a bidding war with President Reagan over who could propose the most special-interest add-ons to the legislation. But even if Rostenkowski had done a better job of fashioning a true Democratic alternative to the 1981 Reagan tax plan, it is doubtful that the outcome would have been much different. My point is that 1981 was the aberrational year for Rostenkowski, not 1985.

ROBERT S. MCINTYRE
Citizens for Tax Justice
Washington, D.C.

DEFICIT DEDUCTIONS

To the editors:

TRB seeks to warn Democrats against my arguments—in his words—"that the fiscal crisis has been exaggerated and no painful adjustments are necessary" ("Democrats and Deficits," March 4). In so doing he unfortunately gives way to the political deficit hysteria that brought us Gramm-Rudman.

My central points, well in the mainstream of modern economics, are that deficits do matter, but that they can be too small as well as too large, and you have to measure them right to know what to do about them.

The adjustment for inflation does not

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depend upon interest rates being lower than inflation rates or on bondholders being fooled. The real deficit is reduced by the component of government interest payments corresponding to inflation.

And comfort or not, federal "investment-type" expenditures, estimated by the Office of Management and Budget at $215 billion in fiscal 1986, are not trivial—and are indeed equal to our total deficit—despite Reagan budget-cutting. It does make a big difference whether the reported deficit relates to a failure to pay as we go for current expenses or to investment in our future in roads, research, and education.

The current deficit, correctly measured, does appear too high. We would do well to make deficit reductions if they can be accompanied by an easier monetary policy, which would stimulate investment and facilitate full employment. There is no virtue in the "painful adjustments" suggested by TRB if they are at the expense of the possibilities for current prosperity or investment in our future.

ROBERT EISNER
Department of Economics
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

MISSED THE BUS

To the editors:

Evan T. Barr's article on the Woburn leukemia cases ("Poisoned Well," March 17) was excellent, but he got my blue bus hypothetical backward. I would hesitate to hold the Blue Bus Company liable for a specific bus accident if the only evidence relating to the identity of the bus involved was that 80 percent of the buses in town belong to the Blue Bus Company. True, as a pure bet, given only that information, it is more probable than not that a Blue Bus was involved. Yet the conclusion that it was a Blue Bus seems arbitrary. My point in Woburn is that the plaintiffs have much more detailed proof that their leukemias were caused by solvent poisoning.

CHARLES NESSON
Harvard Law School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

CRUEL JOKES

To the editors:

Nicholas von Hoffman must have been one of those kids who'd yell "Fatso!" to an overweight classmate. What perverse pleasure he must have had writing "The Press: Shuttle Jokes" (March 24), a forum in which he could criticize the nation's reaction to the shuttle disaster and at the same time spread around those tasteless jokes that many of us never had the misfortune to encounter until he so generously shared them. But then, I'm sure he knew that.

I am outraged at his ridicule of the feelings of many Americans who are heartbroken over the loss of the Challenger, especially those children who were "traumatized by the death of 'their teacher.'" Didn't he see the pain on the faces of schoolchildren across the country, and isn't he, too, haunted by the picture of the Concord student with the party hat, her face frozen in shock? Where does he get the idea that it was the media who told us how to feel, how to react, how to "strike the correct pose of conformity"? Feelings aren't right or wrong; they just happen.

I pity Mr. von Hoffman's lack of feeling.

MARY MCKAY
Alexandria, Virginia

WRONG DEATHBED

To the editors:

Today I have found in TNR—woe unto me!—an incorrect statement. In Hirsh Goodman's article "The Terrible Tide" (March 24), he refers to "the death in an Israeli jail of [Ras Burqa killer] Sulayman Khatir."

Surely Mr. Goodman knows that Sulayman was tried and sentenced by an Egyptian court, and committed suicide in his Egyptian jail cell.

RON WEGSMAN
New York, New York

TRB, *from page 4*

stuff in the ground. In fact, for $50 billion—one year's insurance premium—we could buy a *two*-year supply of today's cheap foreign oil to sock away for a rainy day.

Cheap energy is the best thing that's happened to America's economy since the microchip. And Houston's anguish is no bad thing, either. The Sunbelt needed a good roughing up. It's the Frostbelt's turn to gloat. Let 'em rot in the sun. And don't let us catch any of your tatty Texas license plates loitering around our northern freeways, y'hear?

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Child's Play

DOLL DIPLOMACY is flourishing again. Eleven-year-old Katerina Lycheva from Moscow is on a goodwill tour of five American cities, sponsored by the Children as Peacemakers Foundation of San Francisco in memory of Samantha Smith. (Katerina's credentials, according to a *New York Times* report, are impeccable. She has "been active in Government sponsored peace activities since the age of 5.") Lately she's been in Washington, looking and acting very cute. She smiles a lot and far outdoes the grown-ups attending her, who have been caught getting grumpy. "Unflappable Visitor," said the caption to a *Washington Post* photo of a grinning Katerina surrounded by three handlers who looked as if they'd had it. Her mother wore a migraine-victim grimace, her interpreter had closed his eyes in long-suffering exasperation, and the moderator was shushing some upstart in the audience who'd just asked about freedom to emigrate from the Soviet Union. Of course, most of the questions haven't been so discomfiting. Take the softball pitched by one reporter, nine-year-old Amy Rose Taylor from the *Good News*, a precocious New Jersey paper, who asked Katya to compare Soviet and American kids. With that, the adults doubtless relaxed—at least they did until Katya spoke up. "Soviet children," she explained, "are just the same. . . . the girls play with dolls and the boys play with cars." A reactionary remark like that could mean a session of Leninist self-criticism for little comrade Lycheva when she returns to Moscow and reports on her trip.

I SUPPOSE some people are worrying that the Soviets have scored again in their campaign to show that they're just like us. (You know, the dreaded "moral equivalence.") But Katya's daring post-feminist statement helped me put my finger on the real message of the trip: girls aren't just like boys. It's hard to imagine a little Ivan or Sammy shuttling between the U.S. and the USSR, smiling sweetly, giggling appropriately, distributing cutout paper doves from classmates back home, and dutifully delivering saccharine speeches. Even if you don't believe that boys by nature just want to have guns, you can still suspect that any mama's boy who carried on like Katya in the name of international understanding would have few friends left on the block when he got home. Three years ago Yuri Andropov may have meant to praise Samantha Smith for unisex spunk when he wrote and told her she was "a courageous and honest girl, resembling in some ways Becky, Tom Sawyer's friend from the well-known book by your compatriot Mark Twain." But plainly the general-secretary hadn't read the book for some time. In fact, Twain was appalled by the way Becky and the poised prissies of her sex performed to please grown-ups as no boy could—or would want to. On his school's Examination Evening, Tom "soared into the unquenchable and indestructible 'Give me liberty or give me death' speech, with fine fury and frantic gesticulation, and broke down in the middle of it." No such gracelessness for the girls. "Each in her turn stepped forward to the edge of the platform, cleared her throat, held up her manuscript (tied with dainty ribbon), and proceeded to read, with labored attention to 'expression' and punctuation," Twain wrote. "The themes were the same that had been illuminated upon similar occasions by their mothers before them, their grandmothers, and doubtless all their ancestors in the female line clear back to the Crusades. 'Friendship' was one; . . . 'Dream Land;' 'The Advantages of Culture;' 'Forms of Political Government Compared and Contrasted;'. . . etc., etc." At the Wheatley Elementary School in Northeast Washington (where she danced as well as talked), Katerina's theme was planting trees as symbols of peace. She spoke for only five minutes—a gesture of mercy. "I could go on and on," she warned her audience.

THERE IS a double bind built into efforts to deal with teenage pregnancy. The aim is both to help girls who have babies avoid a life of poverty and also to keep girls from having babies in the first place. Inevitably, paying special attention to young parents risks making motherhood more appealing to other girls—particularly to poor kids who don't have many options in their lives. In the national drive against teenage parenthood that is taking shape, various services are quietly helping girls with children cope. The task of saying loudly and emphatically that babies are a bad idea for kids is entrusted to "role models" and media campaigns. The trouble is, those voices are already getting garbled. At the Omaha Girls Club a multimillion-dollar court battle has begun over the dismissal of an arts-and-crafts teacher who got pregnant out of wedlock. According to the newspapers, the club fired her on the grounds that she was "a negative role model" for the girls. That sounds like a sensible policy for a club that hopes to influence kids' attitudes. But the teacher and her lawyer, charging a civil rights violation, are presenting the case as a crusade for the rights of black women with illegitimate children. A mixed message also lurks in the posters produced by the Children's Defense Fund's new teen pregnancy media campaign, launched at their recent conference in Washington. Beneath such catchy slogans as "It's like being grounded for eighteen years" is a photograph of a somber-looking girl—with an adorable baby cuddled in her arms. Wouldn't it have made more sense to show a terrible two-year-old with a runny nose and dirty diaper throwing a tantrum?

SLAPSTICK UPDATE: In last week's Diarist column, J.K.G. told the saga of the famous slap at the Canadian Embassy dinner party in honor of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney. Ever since the incident, the victim, Connie Gibson Connor, has gamely kept on smiling and saying she won't leave Sondra Gotlieb's employ. But this is Washington, and the *New York Times* Washington Talk page reports, "inevitably, there are rumors that she plans to write a book." All those who've bought Gotlieb's *Wife of. . . An Irreverent Account of Life in Powertown* should look forward to this downstairs companion volume. Suggested title: *Slave of . . .*

A.H.

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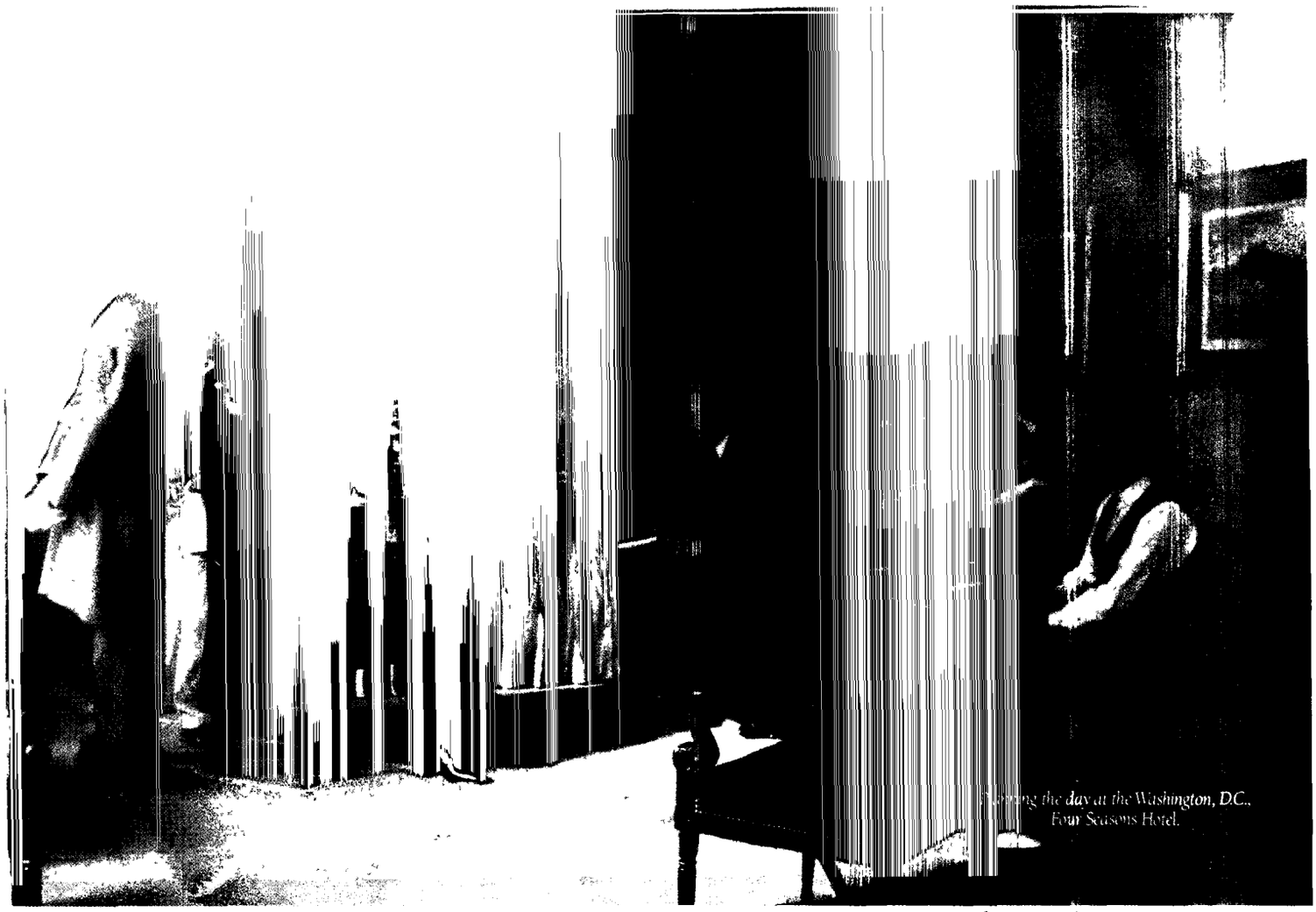

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